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WAITING FOR A MOUNTAIN TO FALL

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SURPRISING NEWS ABOUT SPACE

DISCOVERY BY WATCHER OF THE STARS

An Old Astronomer's Contribution to Knowledge

STUDENT OF METEORS

When explorers set out from the northern half of the world to seek the frozen Antarctic they always have great difficulty near the Equator in preserving the life and health of their Eskimo dogs, to which great heat is dangerous.

When aviators in balloons, airships, or aeroplanes explore the air at great heights their greatest enemy is the deadly cold. Men have fallen fainting and almost frozen in balloons, and German aeronauts actually did freeze to death in Zeppelins during the war.

An Astounding Revelation

The temperature of space has always been supposed to represent the absolute lowest point possible in temperature, the point at which heat is entirely absent. High mountain peaks are always crowned with snow and ice, and the law is that temperature decreases one degree Fahrenheit for every 300 feet we climb.

All our knowledge has come from the observation of aeronauts, who can go up a few miles, and from the information brought down by registering thermometers in toy balloons, which can ascend some 30 miles. But now comes the astounding revelation that, as the northerner proceeds through great heat to the cold of the Antarctic, so ascent into the air is made through intolerable cold to tropical heat!

Poor Man's Life-long Labours

The discovery is made known by Professor H. H. Turner, of Oxford University Observatory, who tells us that the facts have been worked out by Dr. Dobson, of Oxford, from the results of the almost life-long labours of Mr. W. F. Denning, of Bristol. Mr. Denning is a foremost authority on meteors, and his discoveries in relation to these have extended our knowledge up to fifty miles in space. He shows that the temperature, which falls rapidly as we ascend for the first few miles, ceases to fall at about eight miles up. The atmosphere, he says, becomes hotter in a certain region of these upper strata.

This great discovery we owe to Mr. Denning, a poor amateur astronomer; an accountant by profession, who has given sixty years of study to astronomy, who has discovered five comets and more than twenty nebulae, who is the author of over a hundred learned papers contributed to the transactions of the Royal Astronomical Society, who is yet, at 78, actually a poor man.

A man of fame has defined a "real astronomer" as one who lives not by science but for science, and becomes an astronomer not for self-advancement

Rumania's Fire Alarm



The more advanced a town or city becomes the more efficient must it make its arrangements for coping with outbreaks of fire. At Kishinev, in Rumania, these two large bells are hung in a main street as a fire alarm to be rung in case of an outbreak

but only because he cannot help it. Such is Mr. Denning. Such was Flamsteed, our first Astronomer Royal, who was frightened when it was proposed to increase his salary of £100 a year lest such a salary might prove too great a temptation to the greedy. Such was Sir David Gill, who threw away £1500 a year and lived on £300 a year in order to become an astronomer.

Such, too, was the great Sir William Herschel, with his incomparable sister Caroline. Playing as a musician all day, he would work at his observations of the heavens nearly all night, with Caroline by his side.

She helped her brother to make his lenses, she kept his house, she fed him with a spoon at times during the night when some operation needed the use of both his hands; she worked out his calculations in the open air till the ink froze in her pen; and when this was not enough she would read stories to

him to keep him awake as with weary eyes he scanned the silvery stars.

This veteran scholar of Bristol comes, then, into an illustrious succession of servants of science who have had to practise hard thinking on distressingly plain living. Generally we know not of their poverty till the end has come; here we know before it is too late, and may make amends to a great man grown poor in our midst.

A DOG'S DEVOTION

A small black terrier dog, which accompanied its owner, Mr. Shilling, of Ashford, Kent, on a lorry journey, was inadvertently left behind at Wrotham.

On the following day the dog reached home, having walked thirty miles from Wrotham to Ashford. His feet were swollen, and he was very tired, but food and sleep soon put him right again, and he was obviously delighted to be at home once more.

THE LAST OF A GREAT LINE

AN ARISTOCRAT OF THE ZOO

The Tuatera and His Millions- of-Years-Old Pedigree

DESCENDED FROM THE DINOSAUR

There is a Tuatera at the Zoo which has no complaints to make about the gloom of the London winter. It just suits him. He burrows a place for himself in a heap of leaf mould and goes to sleep.

He had done this so solidly since last October that the keepers grew anxious about him and dug him out. He was a little cross at such a liberty, as any reptile might be, but took a warm bath with good humour, moulted his skin, dug another hole, and is now off to sleep again till summer time. When that comes he will shorten his day's rest and turn out at dusk to blink at the keepers and take what food is provided for him. He may even get up early, but he declines to receive callers. Visitors to the Zoo seldom or never see him.

A Stately Sphenodon

This exclusiveness on the part of the Tuatera must be ascribed to his pedigree, which is simply enormous. He is one of the aristocrats of the zoological world, the last of a famous line.

The Tuatera is no common lizard, though he may look like one. He is a stately Sphenodon, and of all living creatures he is the nearest allied to those extinct reptile Dinosaurs whose eggs were laid ten million years ago in the Mongolian Desert, and have been miraculously preserved for an American exploring party to find.

Ten million years! The Tuatera's family tree goes back as far as that. No wonder he is proud, and no wonder that nothing can astonish him—not even the fact that winter in England arrives when there is summer in New Zealand, where the Tuatera comes from.

Most animals transplanted from the Antipodes find it hard to change their habits so as to fit them in with the change of seasons. The Tuatera adapted itself at once.

TO AMERICA WITH THREE NIGHTS AT SEA

How to get from England to America with only three nights on the sea is explained in an engineering paper.

The train ferry carrying trains across the North Sea from Harwich to Zeebrugge has made a profit of nearly £9000 during the last eight months. If such a system were instituted between Holyhead and Kingstown, which could be done if the gauge of the Irish railways were made the same as that of our own railways, passengers would be able to get to America with three nights on the sea instead of five.

THE SINGER OF JERUSALEM

FOURTEEN FAMOUS PEOPLE AND ANOTHER

Appeal for a National Monument to William Blake

A LITTLE MISTAKE IN A GREAT APPEAL

Fourteen of the most famous men and women in the land have signed an appeal for contributions to a William Blake memorial in St. Paul's.

This is what these fourteen people say of this wonderful man who was walking the streets of London a hundred years ago.

On August 12, 1927, a hundred years will have passed since there died, in a small room off the Strand, an obscure engraver, the writer of songs for children admired by Lamb, Coleridge, and Wordsworth.

This strange genius, William Blake, we see at one time without food on his table, at another buying with his last shilling a camel's-hair brush. Today, with the irony of fate, his works command the highest prices in two hemispheres, while the verses for which he despaired of any readers now even appear in advertisements in our streets and are sung at national gatherings.

His Living Genius

For Blake, be he archangel or eccentric, is irresistible. For three generations critics and scholars have attempted in vain to place him and to produce his best in final form. As his living genius ever broke out in some new phase, startling the mind by the splendour and daring of a poetic design, the terse profundity of an epigram, the sweetness of a lyric, so, even a century after his death, he still disturbs all previous judgments by yielding new or forgotten beauties and meanings to research and scholarship, and there seems no end to the stream of careful and luxurious editions of his works and of exquisite reproductions of his designs.

The City He Loved

The Dean and Chapter having given their consent to a memorial in the Cathedral of St. Paul, the city Blake so loved will be the first to treasure the record of her prophet. Shakespeare rests by his Avon, Wordsworth among his lakes and fells, and Blake, whose body has long since returned to earth in an unknown common grave in Bunhill Fields, will be honoured by the city whose darkness he laboured to redeem by his vision of "Jerusalem":

*I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.*

It is an admirable document that the Prime Minister, the Dean of St. Paul's, and the other great people have issued, but why do they speak of Blake as lying "in an unknown common grave"?

Not an Unknown Grave

We ourselves told of the identification of this unknown grave in Bunhill Fields by the Rev. G. H. McNeal, minister of Wesley's Chapel, opposite the cemetery, but the grave has been known much longer than that, for Mr. Herbert Jenkins wrote a full account of how he fixed its position. He published the news first in 1911, and afterwards in his book on Blake in 1924; and his conclusions have been independently verified by the well-informed Librarian of the Guildhall. What were the advisers of the Premier and the Dean doing to allow them to appear so innocent?

A common grave, yes, for it was shared by seven others, all eight having been buried one above the other within a short twelve days. But the grave is no longer unknown. The record stands at Somerset House, as well as in the books of the cemetery at the Guildhall, fixing the site, as if by latitude and longitude, "77 east and west, 32 north

THE IMPORTANCE OF SMALL PEOPLE

WHY WE ALL COUNT IN THE WORLD

Need of Getting New Ways of Thinking While We are Young

A LEAGUE CONFERENCE

By Our League Correspondent

Never before in the world's history have children been considered such important people as they are today. It is not enough that they should learn the usual school subjects; it is not even enough that they should learn how to deal with the problems of their own country; they are to study a subject even bigger still, the subject of how to conduct world affairs!

It is only lately, since the first birthday of most of the children who are now at school, that older people have realised that some new way must be found for these world affairs. The old way of each nation for itself, by fair means or foul, can no longer be followed. Times change and we must change with them.

Cooperation in Goodwill

What may have been good when each country was intent on its own life, and separated from others, can no longer be good now that each has become so dependent on the rest. The coming of railways and all the inventions since, of posts and telegraphs, of travelling by air, have made it impossible for countries to stand aloof from one another. If, then, they are to be constantly and closely in touch, bound together in the affairs of the world, what is to be the method of conducting those affairs?

The nations themselves have given the answer. It is to be cooperation, working together in goodwill.

But it is hard for old people to form new habits, difficult for them to discard the old methods to which they have been accustomed, although they recognise that the new are better. This is why the children of today are such important people. It is they who are to learn this new way of conducting the affairs of the world.

The Only Way

As each member of a team cooperates with all the other members and plays his part for the sake of the team, so, if we are to have peace, must countries learn to cooperate. To attain such a high ideal we need to grow up in the thought of it so that it becomes our ordinary, everyday action.

The League offers the only means by which nations can act together and spread abroad their ideas. It is now circulating this idea of the importance of training children in the thought of cooperation for all world affairs, and it proposes to call a conference, in which people who teach, who work for child welfare and for the welfare of students, shall meet with experts and members of Governments and together think out the best ways of giving this new teaching. Each can tell of ways that have already been found useful and pass them on for the benefit of others.

So the League works steadily on, building for the future, succeeding, whatever the politicians may do.

Continued from the previous column

and south." Even with these directions it was difficult to find the spot, and Alexander Gilchrist, in his Life of Blake, got no farther than to say "it was somewhere in the middle of the ground to the right as you enter," adding that there was no identifying it.

Unfortunately the site is covered by an asphalt path laid down since Bunhill Fields became "an open space for ever" under the care of the City Fathers. We greatly hope that one aspect of the national memorial will be the erection of some monument above the grave itself.

Picture on page 12

UNDER A SINKING SHIP

A MAN FIVE TIMES IN A WRECK

Remarkable Adventures of a Grimsby Sailor

A NORTH SEA TALE

A man lives and walks the quays of Grimsby who has been shipwrecked five times, the last time no more than a bare fortnight ago, and the most desperate occasion of them all.

So near was he to death when his boat (the trawler Salmonby) went down with all hands that the story of his escape might almost seem to prove that the sea cannot drown him. There were twelve others on board with him. Only one man besides himself was saved by the lifeboat from Spurn Head, and he lies in hospital, while the man who has been wrecked five times, Harry Leadbetter, the mate, is alive and well and ready to dare the sea again. He is only 28, so that he can claim that he has had his share of shipwrecks.

In the North Sea Night

He alone has been able to tell what happened to the trawler in the darkness of the North Sea night, three hours after leaving Grimsby. He had just gone to the wheelhouse to take the wheel from the skipper when an explosion shook the trawler from keel to binnacle. A blinding flash, then darkness, and when his eyes opened again he was hanging over the rail of the bridge. He had been blown by the explosion clear through the wheelhouse window.

Dazed and giddy, he saw the captain running to the bridge and shouting. The air was filled with steam which was pouring from below, men were lying groaning or helpless about the deck, some were groping like shadows through the steam and darkness. The mate thought he counted four.

Desperate Minutes

With the captain he tried in vain to get below to find the signal rockets. The steam belching from the burst boiler drove them back. They dragged some bedding from the fore-castle, poured paraffin over it, and set it alight for a signal flare. Then these two men set to work to lash together a raft. Perhaps of all the things Leadbetter remembers of the wreck those minutes when he and the captain strove so desperately are most clear in his mind, but even while they worked at the raft the boat lurched crazily and began to sink.

None could get clear. Skipper and mate, the dazed men walking on the deck, the maimed and the stunned, all went down with her, and the waves sucked them under the front part of the vessel as she dived deeper.

Just in Time

The good fortune that was to save Leadbetter's life began now. Some trick of the whirlpool's backwash brought him to the surface again, and near enough to the vessel to let him, with a stroke or two, get near enough to her to seize one of the shrouds of her masts, which still stuck above water.

The mate hauled himself up as high as he could and looked round. Some of the crew were being floated away from the Salmonby on bits of wreckage. Only one man was near enough to heed the mate's cry to get back to the ship and join him on the rigging. There the two waited and waited in the north-east gale, half frozen and wondering how long it would be before they must let go their hold and fall into the sea like the others. But the flare of the paraffin-soaked bedding had been seen by the lifeboatmen, and just in time (and only just) the Spurn lifeboat came and took them off.

THE WEARY TITAN OF THE ALPS

Waiting to See a Mountain Fall

SINKING, SINKING, SINKING

Fall of a mountain, one of the most magnificent spectacles in the world's history, will take place without fail on or about — Special arrangements for large parties.

Such are the announcements which may be expected to appear on the posters of the St. Gothard Railway if the predictions of the Swiss Topographical Bureau concerning the Motto d' Arbino are correct.

The Motto d' Arbino is a mountain of about 5500 feet, near the station of Bellinzona, whose musical name as pronounced by the porters is always remembered by those who travel through Basle by the St. Gothard route to Italy. The summit of the flat-topped mountain is a platform a hundred thousand yards square, which nearly forty years ago was known to be dangerously undermined, and was found by the Government engineers to be sinking.

A Sight to See

It sank more slowly than the hour-hand of any clock, not more than an inch and a half a year, till the Twentieth Century came. Then it began to quicken to three inches a year. Within the last twelve months the rate has doubled, and the fall of the plateau is approaching, for when the mass of rock supporting it gives way the whole mass will crash into the valley below.

No villagers live there. The mountain will fall, but will drag no living soul to destruction. The earthquake instruments of Europe will record the fall, which in that way will shake the world.

What a sight to see! But who can foretell the character of the last moments of this weary Titan of the Alps?

THINGS SAID

I can carry anything up to five sheep.
A Smithfield porter

I paid two guineas for my watch in 1888, and it still goes well.
Judge Cluer

Very few customers get full measure of milk.

An Inspector of Weights and Measures

I cannot help thinking that we need today a new Puritanism.

Bishop of Hereford

It is unwise to think a boy lazy until it is certain he is not suffering from eye-strain.

Dr. R. H. Elliot

Too many people have their wish-bones where their backbones should be.

Sir Kingsley Wood

The curious love of railings stands in the way of a vastly more beautiful London.

President of British Architects

Enough soot is produced by London fires to cause the densest fog within three hours if the wind falls.

Air Ministry Official

If the decadent artists ever succeed in making their monstrosities fashionable they will go far to ruin England.

Hon. John Collier

Robert Smillie and Harry Lauder once worked together in the same pit. Lauder tried to make people laugh, and he is rich; Smillie tried to make them think, and he is poor.

A Miners' Leader

It is forbidden to pick the flowers. Remember they are God's little beings. They grow and flourish in the sunshine. Enjoy them, but pluck them not.

Notice in a wood in Germany

LET THERE BE LAW THE OLDEST CODE IN THE WORLD

The Astonishing Romance of
a Great Discovery

FULFILMENT OF A PROPHECY

Some famous scholars have taught us to believe that Egypt was the home of our civilisation, the mother of our arts.

Miss Claire Gaudet, however, has been telling a British Museum audience that research in the Mesopotamian plain has shown that the Sumerians were the fathers of civilisation, the first brick-makers and builders, the inventors of writing and also of the system of computing time by hours.

Sumer is the ancient name of the Lower Euphrates plain, afterwards called Babylonia, and described in the Bible as the land of Shinar, the land in which was established the kingdom of Nimrod. The old opinion was that these lands copied their arts and crafts from the Egyptians, but apparently the evolutionary process was reversed.

Good Laws Made Permanent

Miss Gaudet reminds us also that the famous code of laws set up by Hammurabi, the great Babylonian king, was not his own system; that he did not originate the laws, but only put them into a code, collecting all the good laws existing during his reign and having them carved on a pillar and set up as permanent written decrees.

The fact that industrious scholarship predicted the existence of such a code before the actual laws were discovered shows that Hammurabi must have got together the laws of the world and inscribed them upon tablets exactly as has since been proved.

While the famous pillar was still lying buried we had various tablets and fragments, and brilliant guesses were made as to their origin and meaning. It was prophesied that some day the complete code from which the fragments had been copied would be discovered, and that the code would be found to be the work of Hammurabi himself, not in law-making, but "in unifying the laws and ordinances then existing into one Code of Laws."

The Famous Pillar

In 1901 the pillar was actually found by J. de Morgan, who, after four years excavating amid the ruins of Susa, the famous old Persian city, brought to light the very column which Hammurabi had engraved and set up 40 centuries before in Babylon. It is now in the Louvre.

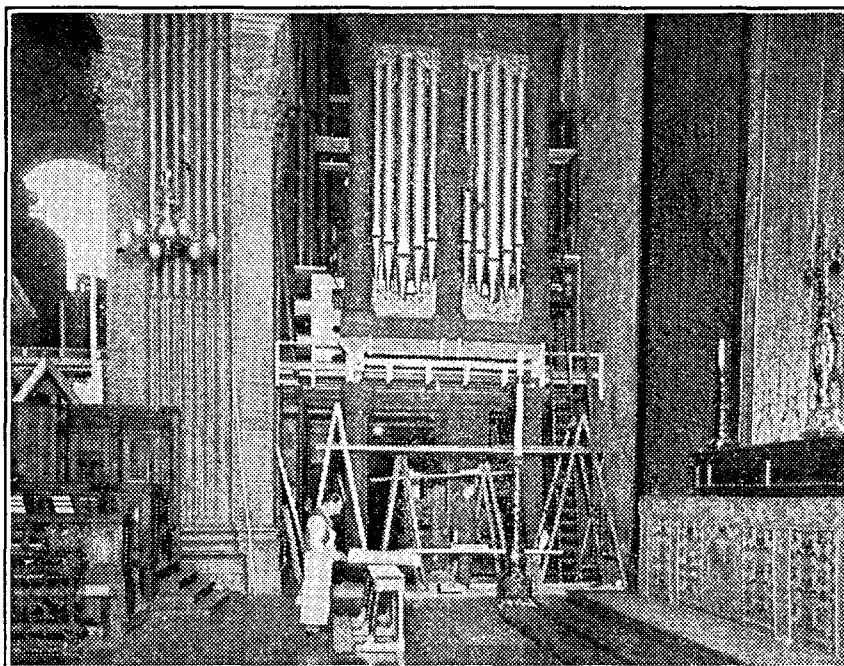
It is a pillar of black diorite over seven feet high and six feet round, and, in spite of defacement, contains about 8000 words, divided into 282 sections, each section a law. The oldest of all known codes of laws, it is also one of the most wonderful, covering such subjects as witchcraft, false evidence, corrupt justice, licensing, assault, desertion, marriage, divorce, dowry, inheritance, adoption, contracts, debts, tenancy, rent, wages, interest, insurance.

A Comprehensive Code

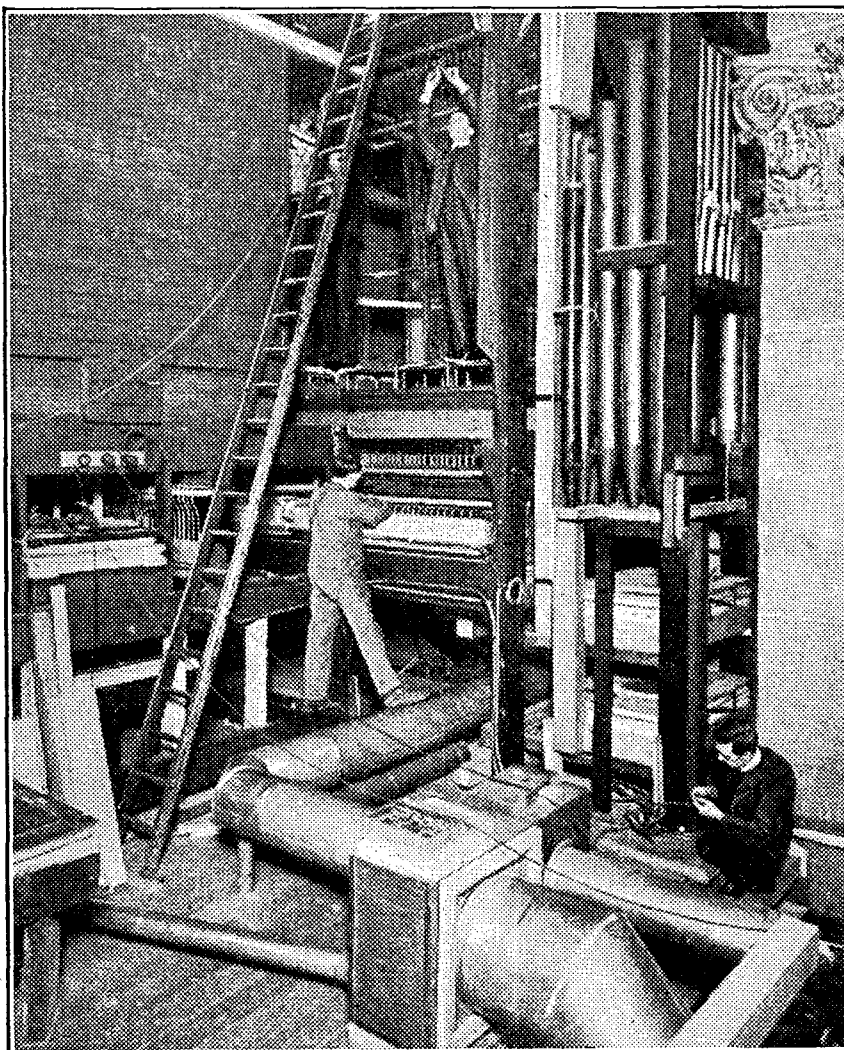
It deals with the jerry-builder, with the unjust steward, the careless and dishonest shepherd, the boatbuilder with river rights, with the rights of slaves and soldiers, with the care of the orphan and widow, with the amount of corn due to the ass and the ox, and decides who shall bear the loss if a lion kills a hired beast or "a stroke of God" slays animals in a fold, and what an unskilful surgeon must pay if he has clumsily treated a patient.

For century after century this marvellous pillar of laws lay buried and unknown in the earth. Then its existence and character were prophesied, and in due season, like a predicted new comet, lo, it came to light to astonish the whole world of scholars.

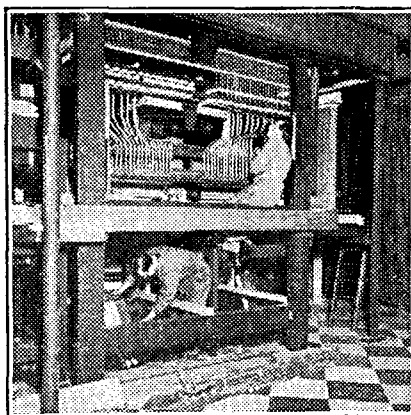
REBUILDING THE ORGAN OF ST. PAUL'S



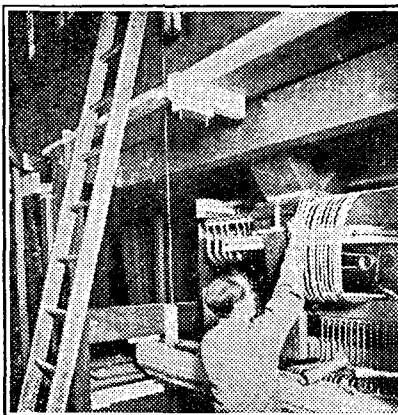
The organ in its new home



Workmen putting the pipes in position



Arranging the mechanism of the organ



The rebuilding in progress

When St. Paul's was closed for the strengthening of its piers the great organ had to be removed from its old situation in the choir, and it is now being re-erected in the nave, as shown in these pictures. After the completion of the repairs the organ will return to its old place

THE IMMORTAL HOUR

A LITTLE TALK WITH
ETAIN

Trying to Express a World
We Do Not Live In

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

The Immortal Hour has come and gone again. For two months London has had the good fortune to see and hear Mr. Boughton's musical setting of the old faery drama.

We asked the composer's daughter to go to see it for us, and this is what she writes.

Once inside the theatre at The Immortal Hour we can forget all our troubles and live in the land of dreams and the Ever-Young. We feel ourselves caught up with them, and we are about to follow Etain to the Land of the Young when a barrier stops us, as it stops Eochaidh himself, the mortal king. All of us, kings and queens and common folk, are rulers only in our own kingdoms; there is a boundary which we may not cross.

I had the good fortune to find Miss Ffrangcon-Davies ready for a talk. Surely she is born for whatever part she plays? As we watch her playing Etain it is easy to forget that she is mortal like ourselves, and to think that she is part of the magic, mist, and moonlight, "a small green leaf in a great wood."

Etain's World

When I asked her if she feels like this, if she really forgets about the world, she said: "No! That would be impossible, for in every acted part there must be complete control. The voice and movements must be considered all the time, for they are the means of expression. And the part of Etain demands more; it needs a continual and very special kind of imagination. We can all more or less guess what our feelings would be were we in another woman's position. We live and love in the same world as other people. But we do not live in Etain's world, and it is much harder to express her to an audience. My movements must not be human, but other-worldlike. I must think all the time of the best way to express her. Complete control is necessary in order to play a part properly, and if I let myself go Etain would easily be spoiled and lose all her meaning."

The Soul of All Things

I asked if she thought of The Immortal Hour as just a faery play, or if she felt that the characters stand for something.

"Well (she said), some think one thing, some think another. The Immortal Hour may mean almost anything, and people come to see in it what they want to see. That is why it attracts so many so often. Some come to be amused by a pretty Celtic faery tale, others for the lovely music, others to see what is to them the never-ending drama of life."

"Personally, what Fiona Macleod wrote appeals to me most. Etain is the Soul of All Things. She drifts from an unknown world into this world for a time, and Eochaidh, who stands for humanity, thinks he has at last gained complete happiness in her. But when the Spirit Midir comes Etain realises that the end is not in this material world, and is led away. The same thing happens when the soul casts off the body for another world."

Yes, the same thing happens when the soul, casting off the body, follows the spirit, singing and laughing. Etain is happy at last, after all her wanderings. But what of the king? He is cold and still, his "dreams, dreams, dreams," haunting us as the curtain falls.

Have we not all looked into the Fountain of Beauty at some time, and seen a dim, pale face, and dreamed dreams? We must go on dreaming until we follow Etain to the Land of the Young.

E. B.

HOLY LAND OF SCHOLARS

WHERE MAN'S FIRST BOOKS WERE FOUND

The Pictures a Schoolgirl Found in a Cave

AN EASTER PILGRIMAGE

Probably the most out-of-the-way Easter pilgrimage was that conducted by Professor Patrick Geddes, to Les Eyzies, in the Dordogne region of south-west France.

To scholars Les Eyzies has long been holy land, but Professor Geddes is right in thinking that it is not only the "ologists" who are eager to go to see the rock-paintings and carvings left there by the first inhabitants.

"The proper study of mankind is man," and the farther he recedes into the mists of Time the more interesting he becomes.

The First Great Battle

Away back in the early morning of the world man remained on the animal plane for hundreds of years after the discovery of his mind. "Man's first great battle was with hunger," and he, perforce, became a hunter. But one day, while making his arrows at the mouth of his cave, the hunter observed some tiny sprouts of green springing up where he had cast away some seeds of fruit. The idea of agriculture was born and man became a farmer.

Relief from the pressing battle with hunger now gave him time on his hands, those wonderful hands that can never be still! During Nature's long resting spell he scratched marks on bones, he shaped flints, he squeezed mud into shapes of living creatures, he carved pictures on stone, and there, hidden underground in the half-light of the caves of Europe, Art was born!

The Cave Man's Picture Galleries

As a child given a piece of paper to draw on will cover every inch, upside down and cornerwise, so the cave artist engraved with his flint flake, or his sharpened bone, crude drawings of animals all over the walls of his cave.

In the district of the Pyrenees and in the North of Spain about forty of these underground picture-galleries have been discovered.

The first to discover them was the little daughter of Marcellino de Sautuola, a Spanish nobleman, who accompanied her father to the old cave at Altamira, in Spain. Growing weary of watching the digging, she began to look around, and suddenly her attention was arrested and she cried out *Toros* (bulls). Her persistence attracted the attention of M. Sautuola, who stopped his digging to inquire into the matter.

There, on the roof of the cave, he saw a number of figures representing bison, deer, horses, wild boars, and asses.

Primitive Engravings

This happened in 1879, and since then similar discoveries have been made in the Dordogne caverns and elsewhere. The early Red Indians chiselled drawings on the face of the rocks of the Pacific Coast; the Eskimos still engrave small designs on walrus tusks and teeth; in Polynesia we find skilful engravings done on tortoiseshell and queer carvings in wood; while the Maori races in New Zealand have left amazing engravings on whalebone.

But most of these people lack the simplicity of thought which is seen in the work of the reindeer hunters who carved their pictures 15,000 years ago. As it was from these pictures that writing was born they may be called Man's First Books.

Just as words are the marks of thought, so letters are marks of words. Thus we find man gradually turning his

GENEVA

THE WHOLE QUESTION OF THE COUNCIL

The Nations that are Chosen to Look Into It

A NEW START

By Our League Correspondent

The Assembly of the Nations, which was so sad at not having done what it came to Geneva to do, can yet be glad that real good may come from its meeting after all.

Some of its members wished that a committee should study the whole question of the Council, what countries should be represented on it, how many there should be, and in what way they should be elected.

These wishes came true on the very next day. A committee was formed and, in addition to the present members of the Council, five other countries are to serve on it: Argentina, China, Germany, Poland, and Switzerland. The reasons for the choice of these countries are clear.

Languages and Religions

Argentina is one of that great group of South American countries of which so many are in the League. China represents the East, and has always urged that in electing the six non-permanent members of the Council the Assembly should make its choice with due consideration for the main geographical divisions of the world—the great language groups, the religious traditions, the various types of civilisation, and the chief sources of wealth.

The choice of Germany needs no explanation; that was obviously the right thing to do. Poland's entry was the source of much of the late trouble, and Switzerland, more than any other country, is independent in the fullest sense of the word.

The committee is called to meet early in May, so that no time is to be wasted, and its opinions may be known by all the members of the League well before the Assembly meets again in September. An interesting condition is made that if the members of this committee are not all in agreement the opinion of the minority shall be made known as well as that of the majority.

Groups of Small Countries

It has been felt for a long time that changes were necessary in the formation of the Council. A suggestion that is widely approved is that the world should be divided into regions, each group of six or seven countries having one seat. The smaller countries of Europe, the Scandinavian States, with Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland, would form one region with one Council seat; the States reaching from the Baltic to the Balkans would have two seats; the South American States, with Spain and Portugal, would have three; and the Eastern nations would have their share, and so on.

That is the outline of one solution. Others will be put forward, and we may hope that this most important part of the League may now start on a new life, stronger and better than before.

Continued from the previous column

pictures into marks, his marks into symbols, then finally linking his symbols to sounds.

For instance, a man drew a picture of a door. By adding the picture of a mouth in the centre of his door he made it stand for a speaker. By adding an ear instead of a mouth he made a picture that meant a listener. Our letter D is from a picture of a pointing hand.

Those who were fortunate enough to go with Professor Geddes to Les Eyzies and look through a magic casement at the work of artists of 150 centuries ago would look back at dim, remote figures like the stuff that dreams are made of, their little lives rounded by a sleep.

LIFE SAVED AT THE LAST HOUR

PRIEST PRAISED BY A JUDGE

Remarkable Story of the Terror in Ireland

ILL-GOTTEN GAINS

"You are an honour to your Church and to your religion!" So said Mr. Justice Hanna in the Dublin High Court to a priest who gave evidence in one of the most amazing trials that even Ireland has seen.

In the days of the Republican Terror in 1922 some men came to Father William Carey, of Fermoy, and told him they had a prisoner who had been condemned to death, and they wanted him to go with them and give absolution to the man before they shot him. The priest went with them and found that their prisoner was Mr. Anthony Carroll, a Crown solicitor, who had been collecting instalments of payments for land purchase under the Land Commission, which the men called robbery for the British.

Mr. Carroll had been seized in his own house and taken in a motor-car to a lonely cottage, his captors being heavily armed. Father Carey hid his indignation and gently suggested to the men that it would be much better to fine their prisoner than to shoot him. At last they agreed, demanding a thousand pounds. Mr. Carroll refused, and said they had better shoot him. At last they were persuaded to accept £550, and Mr. Carroll signed a cheque for that amount and was released.

Now the men have been sued for damages for conspiracy, false imprisonment, assault, trespass, and the illegal conversion of the £550 to their own use. The jury found for the plaintiff with £3700 damages.

WHO SENDS THE £1000?

An Annual Surprise for the Lifeboat People

It is not everyone who knows what a thousand-pound banknote looks like. The very words sound like what the cinema sign-writers call super-magic.

A mere five-pound note is magic; we know how grand and important it looks; a ten-pound note becomes an affair of ceremony; a hundred-pound note never happens; as for a thousand-pound banknote—well, we have to take other people's word about it.

But to receive one by post instead of the gas bill—we are reminded of the dear old lady who said when anything surprised her: "I thought to myself, I thought to myself; I thought . . . well!"

The secretary of the Lifeboat Institution must have thought to himself *Well!* the other day, when for the twenty-second time he opened an envelope and found a thousand-pound banknote in it, crisp and crackly. Every year for sixteen years a registered envelope has arrived at the head office containing a thousand-pound banknote inscribed "For the Lifeboat Institution," and under that sentence just the one word *Bath*. For six years it came twice each year.

It is delightful to think of some unknown person sending off that note, and the secret joy it must have given to be able to put a thousand-pound note into one of those linen envelopes and slip it into the post. We can guess all kinds of things about the giver, but we are not allowed to know the name, and so all we can say is: *Thank you, Bath*.

SUMMER TIME

Summer time will come into force at 2 o'clock on Sunday morning, April 18. All clocks should be put forward one hour on Saturday night.

LET US HAVE ANOTHER GREAT WAR

C.N. MONTHLY'S IDEA FINDS SUPPORT

The Russian Government Mobilising an Army of Labour

M.P.'S SCHEME FOR UNEMPLOYED

A little while ago an appeal was made in the C.N. monthly that the nations should join in another great war, with all the resourcefulness and determination they employed in the last one, but this time sending their armies to all parts of the world to help and not to destroy their fellow men.

Since then we have had a member of Parliament, Captain Guest, a former Air Minister, urging that we should organise great armies from among our unemployed to set about turning the waste places of the Empire into gardens in which food and clothing for the people may be grown; and almost at the same moment came the news that Russia, whom some people suspect of wanting another war of destruction, is making just such use of her war organisation as My Magazine proposed.

The Wandering Oxus

The great Oxus River, which sweeps through twelve hundred miles of Central Asia, has been growing restive, seeking a fresh channel through the sands of Kizil Kum. The Bolshevik Government is determined to defeat its manoeuvres. Already tens of thousands have been ruined by the floods.

There is ground for believing that the Oxus once emptied itself not into the Aral but into the Caspian Sea. Already the river distributes itself in an enormous delta, and now, far above the forking of its eastern arm opposite the famous town of Khiva, its flood waters have broken down the northern bank and are wandering out into the desert.

Keeping a River in its Bed

If the river succeeds in escaping its settled duties in this way there will be widespread distress and a serious loss of food supply, for the land round the lower reaches has been made fertile by wide irrigation, and with the disappearance of the present flow it must revert once more to desert.

So a peace army of a quarter of a million men has been mobilised to throw up dams at each point where the river beds are in the making, and induce the wanderer to return. But if to save old irrigation works why not to make new ones? And if the Russian Union of Republics can mobilise peace armies in this way why not the British Commonwealth of Nations?

New Use for the Navy

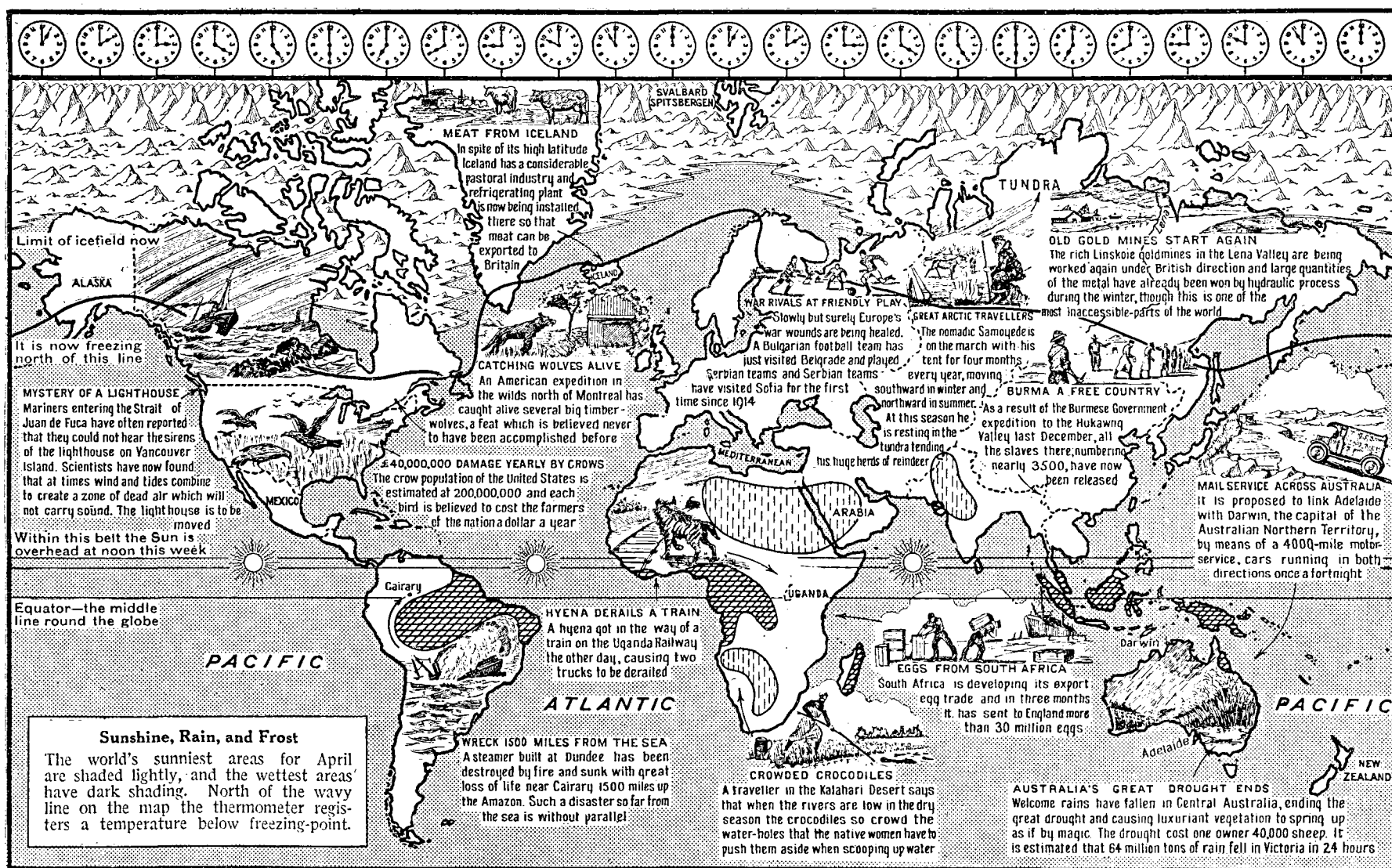
"We should think of the Empire as a unit," says Captain Guest. "Its untapped resources are limitless. What is to prevent us sending a quarter of a million able-bodied men across the seas, by arrangement with the Dominion Governments, to undertake specific productive work in these lands? There are hundreds of square miles of swamp in British Columbia which could be reclaimed today if there were enough labour to do it."

Our unemployed must be fed; why feed them in idleness when there is this great Imperial work to do? Our Navy must do something; why not let it transport peace armies to the spots where there is work to be done for the Empire and mankind? Surely it is as much worth while to spend the effort and the money needed for these ends as for the destruction of our neighbours' manhood?

Pronunciations in This Paper

Basle Bahl
Brescia Bresh-ah
Hamamurabi . . . Ham-moo-rah-be
Irak E-rahk

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING WEATHER ALL OVER THE WORLD



TYRE PRINTS IN THE SAND

How Lost Desert Travellers Reached Khartoum

CRUSOE UP-TO-DATE

Robinson Crusoe was thrilled (not very pleasantly, it is true) by the sight of the print of a man's foot in the sands of his desert island.

Prince Antoine Esterhazy and Lieutenant Almasy, lost in the Nubian Desert, were thrilled (very pleasantly indeed) by the sight of the prints of motor tyres, for they were almost in despair of ever seeing civilisation again.

They were motoring from Alexandria to the Upper Nile when, soon after leaving Abu Hamed, they lost their way and wandered about in the trackless sands without an idea in what direction to go. Then at last they came across the tracks of another car and followed them to safety. A sandstorm would have obliterated the marks entirely.

When they reached Khartoum they found that the tracks had been made by Major and Mrs. Court-Treath, whose wonderful journey from Cape Town to Cairo was described in the C.N., and whose success has since been celebrated by a great reception in London.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

First book on navigation, 1577	£1210
MS. of a Keats sonnet	£640
Two Richard III Year Books	£420
An engraving by Méryon	£250
A pair of Chelsea figures	£215
An old Worcester jug	£126
Drawing by Leonardo da Vinci	£120
Dan Leno's hat	£16
One of Napoleon's teeth	£16

A proof copy of the Treaty of Versailles with the signatures of Mr. Lloyd George, M. Clemenceau, and President Wilson realised £95.

LIONS AND TREES

Story of a Man Who Was Pulled Down

A lady reader of the C.N. in Durban, South Africa, sends us this story of another lion which "climbed a tree."

As the C.N. has pointed out, any lion may leap on to a branch ten or twelve feet from the ground, and under stress of circumstances, as was seen in the story we published a few weeks ago, a lion will climb an upright trunk.

It appears that much new material is being added to the natural history books.

In the interests of Nature and Truth I feel I must send you the following.

About the year 1901 my husband, being then a medical missionary of the London Missionary Society in Rhodesia, was called some days' journey to attend a man who had been mauled by lions. I accompanied him. The victim was a man connected with the Government, well known, of absolute integrity, and a lion hunter of experience.

His gun having missed fire, he resorted to the usual expedient when there are trees at hand. He climbed into a tree, the lowest branch of which was about ten feet from the ground. What was his dismay when, to use his own words, "the lion came up the tree like a cat" and pulled him down.

This is no honest story, as I was on the spot with my husband. Certainly it is not natural to the ordinary lion to climb a tree at will, as far as we know, but there must be exceptional lions, or in exceptional circumstances lions can climb trees.

AN OPEN-AIR THEATRE

New Use for an Old Reservoir

An open-air theatre has been constructed from an abandoned water reservoir in an American city.

Seats for five thousand people have been erected round its sloping sides, and as far as possible it has been built on the lines of the ancient Greek structures.

A DEAD MAN'S NAME
Daughter's Right to Defend
His Memory

The Court of Appeal has decided that a daughter has the right to defend her dead father's memory from injurious stories, and that by doing so she does not necessarily libel the story-teller.

A lawyer's book of recollections told anecdotes about an M.P. of long ago, Mr. Bradlaugh, which his daughter, Mrs. Bradlaugh-Bonner, resented. So she wrote a letter to a newspaper which had quoted them in a review to say that they were a pure invention, insulting to the dead and wounding to the living, and the paper published her letter.

Thereupon the writer of the book sued her and the newspaper for libel! The action was dismissed in the High Court, but the writer appealed, and now the appeal has also been dismissed. The Lords Justices said Mrs. Bradlaugh-Bonner was entitled to make her contribution toward the matter, and that the occasion was privileged because the daughter had the moral duty of defending the memory of her father.

SLEEPING IN A STREAM
OF LIFE

Saved as by a Miracle

In a poor house of a poor street in Manchester two children who had overslept themselves woke sick and dizzy. In the next room their unhappy father lay dead on his bed. The room was heavy with the smell of gas. The tap of the burner was full on.

The children had escaped their father's fate almost by a miracle. The gas from his room must have leaked into theirs, and in fact did so. But the outer door of their room had been left wide open, and the current of fresh air blowing in had kept the fumes from reaching the children in full intensity. The benefits of fresh air while sleeping have seldom had a more striking proof.

SEEING THROUGH A
STEEL SHIELD
Child's Plaything Gives the
War Men An Idea

A CLEVER DEVICE

Though it is grievous to see that some of the most ingenious inventions are those called forth by man's inveterate search for new weapons of destruction, yet admiration can hardly be withheld from the ingenuity which has produced the latest bullet-proof shield with which the gunners of tanks are to be furnished in the American Army.

The shield is of steel which will turn a rifle bullet; yet it is transparent. The secret is that it is a wheel rapidly turning.

The shield is mushroom-shaped, like a bullet-proof helmet, but from the centre to its edge it is cut into narrow strip-like openings. They are too narrow to let any bullet through, and the gunner can see next to nothing through them when the shield is at rest. But spin the shield round fast enough, and the open strips let the light through so continuously that in effect the gunner can see through the spinning spokes of solid steel. The same effect can sometimes be perceived when a railway train is running swiftly past a fence of upright planks with narrow spaces between them. If the train stops the passenger can see nothing through the fence. When the train is in motion he can see through the fence as if it were made of transparent material.

It is the idea of the old scientific toy called the zoetrope, a revolving cylinder with slits through which a picture could be seen as it went round. So a child's plaything comes into the field of war!

BOOMING FLORIDA

The growth of the American State of Florida in the past year or so has absolutely no precedent in history.

A year ago this State had a population of a million and a quarter, and it now has three millions.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

APRIL 17

1926

The Coming of Our Singing Friends

WE wish to make an appeal to our readers. The season has come when, in all parts of the country, the birds are busy nesting. It is the time of their greatest interest and joy. We ask for sympathy on their behalf.

Next to faith in God's love, tenderness for family and friends, and care for our fellow creatures we should all find delight in the engaging qualities of friendly animals, the grace of birds, the beauty of flowers, the life of trees.

The season is here when these gracious influences can be most enjoyed, and particularly it is the time of the singing of birds. Our constant friends of the garden, field, and wood are busiest now, and the migrants are all coming back. In the next three months we can get our fullest pleasure from the slender companionship they afford.

We say slender companionship because the free, timid, delicate life of birds rarely allows close intimacy with man. That is a big fact which inexperienced kindness is likely to miss. It does not see why it cannot be friendly with birds in its own way, close at hand, in a cage. Thinking of our feelings and not of the birds' feelings, we overlook the main facts that their supreme joy is in freedom and that fear is their great protection.

In our rather dull way we humans may easily trespass on a bird's feelings in our efforts to know them while they are free. Shyness is their safeguard. If we really care for them in a thoughtful way we shall respect their shyness. We shall not intrude on them even to care for them and admire them.

If they honour us by their confidence in building their nests in our gardens we shall notice the nests but casually—never touch them, never handle the eggs, and never alarm the bird. By so doing we may come to the time when, through custom, they will accept us as a quite harmless part of their surroundings, remaining undisturbed in our presence, or even welcoming us, and proudly bringing their young for our inspection.

That is the triumph of human contact with familiar birds. Few times are more delightful than the moment when well-known birds, in the midst of teaching their young the things to be feared, give them to understand that *these* humans are safe to know and trust.

Sensitive bird life can only be well known through a sensitive approach, with quietness and patience. To know it in that way is a fine education in right feeling toward the whole of God's creation, and the time to practise it is in these glorious days.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



A Word About Saving

ARE Americans keener on saving than we are? The question is asked by a returned traveller.

Every fifth street corner in an American city is a savings-bank, which tells us, without asking, what the American does with the last farthing he has made. In the States there are eleven million working men who have bought their homes, apart from the ten million who have motor-cars. The employees of a leading store with many branches have a notice hung in their rooms saying:

No one can tell what the future may bring; no one can afford to take chances. The man who fails to save is false to his own interests and faithless to those dependent upon him.

Leaflets entitled "Thrift is a Joy" are handed here and there. What a wise idea to show up the happy side of what we often look on as a disagreeable necessity! Begin to pop sixpences into a money-box and you will soon feel how delightful it is!

So Peter Puck Thinks

What will you give to the rest of the world,

What will you give or do?

Some have got wisdom, and some have got gold,

What shall we gain from you?

None is too humble to give to the world,

Though you lack wealth or powers; Even your window may help other men If it be filled with flowers.

More Light

THERE has been much discussion concerning the cyclist and his light. It seems to us a discussion worthy of barbaric days. In these days every vehicle on a road should be lighted. It is not a cyclist's own affair, or a motorist's own affair, whether he chooses to run a risk or not; one man's risk may be another man's death.

The appalling loss of life in the streets has made it a matter of vital importance that everywhere ample lighting, before and behind every vehicle should be required.

The responsibility does not rest with one kind of traffic; all kinds are equally concerned. The motorist, the cyclist, and the driver of horse-drawn vehicles should be required to do their share to stop the holocaust of slaughter.

Regulation is the only remedy. Trusting to human care will not serve. A considerable percentage of the public prefers a spice of danger. It is seen alike in the senseless greed for speed of many motorists, and in the avoidance by many cyclists of precautions to make themselves visible. Both the mad motorist and the reckless cyclist should be stopped, and no means of safety should be despised. The right to kill or be killed should be denied to all, with equal sternness.

Smith

A STORY has just been remembered of King Edward at a picture gallery in Bond Street.

He seems to have never forgotten either a face or a name if associated with any matter of interest, and at the picture gallery he was looking at a portrait of Mr. W. H. Smith. Turning to Queen Alexandra, he exclaimed, "Hullo, here is Smith!" At once a man standing near, unaware of their identity, wheeled round and offered his hand. *The man's name was Smith.*

After a cordial handshake the mistake was explained, and the man, full of consternation, apologised. But King Edward was nothing if not tactful, and speedily reassured him. All the same, Smith speedily vanished!

Tip-Cat

WE are assured by a scientist that bow legs are a sign of courage. Anyhow, you never see their knees knocking together with fear.

A SENSITIVE tube has been invented which gives warning if the shadow of a burglar falls on it. Evidently a speaking tube.

THE schoolboy who writes to say his hobby is growing flowers must be an idle boy, for, of course, they grow themselves.



PETER PUCK
WANTS
TO KNOW

If the fishmongers are prospering with C.O.D.

A SCOTSMAN believes the English educational system is the best in the world. He has heard that it is free.

IT is a changing world. We began our education with A B C. Our children are beginning with 2 L O.

THE new hats, according to a fashion journal, are not interesting.

They are above the heads of even the highbrows.

STATISTICS are said to show that of 1000 telephone calls we get only thirty wrong numbers. That shows what statistics are.

ARE sport and poetry far apart? No. Did not Shelley write an ode to a lark?

OFFICIAL Summer Time in New York begins a week later than in England. Not often America is behind the times.

True Gold

WE see that German divers are to search for the steamship Egypt, which was sunk with much treasure just four years ago. But the greatest treasure of the lost ship can never be recovered; it was the life of the noble woman whose story is told on page 7.

The Egypt sank with a million pounds in gold, but it took down no truer gold than this brave human heart.

The Green Caravan

By an Early Riser in South Kensington

THE unexpected is always happening, after all. We need not believe those people who say Romance is dead. Romance dies only from within and, like Beauty, is in the eye of the beholder.

It was both Romance and Beauty which passed for a few brief moments in London the other day. They came out of the morning sunlight down an avenue of feathery trees, like the outriders of some eager-hearted cavalcade whose horses are Youth and Confidence, and whose quest is a Great Adventure.

The avenue of feathery trees was that long vista which you may see in the early morning if you stand with the grey front of Brompton Oratory on your right and gaze on past South Kensington Museum, on which the Sun sends his enchanting rays. They call it Cromwell Road; shining through the mist at the uprisen Sun, it is the highway of untried things.

Remembering Far-off Days

Romance and Beauty came riding down at dawn. Beauty was a brown horse with a long thick mane, and Romance a gay green caravan. Cracking his whip in front sat a dark and curly lad, laughing many times down the long white road. The doors of the caravan had slipped ajar, and we heard the jingle of pots and kettles, and saw the shine of pottery. A big sleepy cat sat beside the boy, and blinked at the sunshine with her amber eyes. On they went through the city, half asleep, all unknowing that eagerness and youth were swiftly passing by.

Yet not quite unknowing. In the shadow of the Oratory stood a quiet man watching the wondrous little equipage out of sight. Then he turned away, remembering those far-off days when gorse bloomed golden on the commons, and gipsy girls bartered pots and kettles at his mother's door. He remembered the sweet smell of grass when the dew lay thick and rabbits sat unafraid watching the dawn. He remembered this as his heart filled with longing and his eyes with tears, and the city faded like a dream, for the world had become for him a place of lovely sights and sweet smells, and high hopes and boundless aspirations.

He cannot run away from his office in the day, nor down the Edgware Road at night; but on a holiday in May he will take down the tweed coat with the big and shabby pockets, and, setting his face towards the country, he will become a little child again.

From Queen Elizabeth's Prayer Book

Give meat to the hungry and drink to the thirsty; comfort the sorrowful; cheer the dismayed, and strengthen the weak; deliver the oppressed and give hope and courage to them that are out of heart.

THE LAST STAND OF THE WITCH DOCTORS

DARK FORCES OF DARK AFRICA

The Story of the Pitiful
Struggle of Khama's Son

HOW A KING DIED

Everywhere in this country the good King Khama is remembered; he gave Christianity to the Bamangwato tribes and was one of Africa's great chiefs.

We have already told in the C.N. something of the crisis through which Khama's son Sekgome passed on his death-bed, when his faith in Christianity gave way and the witch doctors were called back. It was a dramatic example of the fight that goes on for enlightenment in dark places. The missionary who was with Khama's son when he died has told the full story, and it is deeply interesting.

The Old Beliefs

Among the Bamangwato, where Christianity was accepted lightly because King Khama had been baptised in its belief and had been a great king as well as a good Christian, his death was the signal for the dark forces of the witch doctors and their practices to gather power again. They must not be lightly blamed, for their beliefs through the reigns of wise kings and cruel ones had endured for thousands of years before Christianity came.

Sekgome was not the strong man his father had been, nor was the Christian belief ever strong in him. He had been an exile because he had plotted against his father, and, though the two were reconciled, neither the life Sekgome had led nor his training fitted him to take up the task of governing a strong and unruly people when his father's hand was removed. So when the chieftainship came to him he left the government of the people to his headmen, and turned for advice to the old witch doctors, who, if they were not strong, were cunning.

A King in Name Only

Through his brief reign, which was interrupted by a recurring and growing illness, he fell farther and farther away from kingship in all but name, and more and more into the hands of the witch doctors. He had known enough of civilisation and of Christianity not to break away from the missionaries or the European doctors. Nor must it be thought that he was ever an ignorant savage. He was one of the chiefs who welcomed the Prince of Wales on his visit to South Africa, and the excitement of the visit and the preparations for it contributed to bring on a more serious attack of his illness after the Prince's departure.

Crushed With Fear

It was then that unhappy Sekgome, crushed with fear and depression as the epileptic fits increased in number, turned, panic-stricken, to the witch doctors for succour. To all primitive races a fit has always been a symptom that evil powers have possessed the victim, and that they cannot be driven out except by a priest or a magician; and poor Sekgome was no wiser than the wisdom of ages in Dark Africa. He listened to the witch doctors' advice; he besought them to cure him by the ancient immemorial rites. In his weakness it may well have seemed to him the only way. The witch doctors thought they had a glorious opportunity to overthrow the Christian teacher and the Christian doctor, and to re-establish the old heathen power and doctrine as well.

So they witch-doctored the king till he was at death's door, and then, when it became necessary to send for the European doctors to save or prolong his life, they roused the tribe to protest. In vain enlightened natives pleaded that the king should be left to the European doctors and nurses. This was the last

ROOM FOR THREE MORE ONLY

An Indian correspondent of the C.N., who has just been present at a conference in London, sends us this story, to which we refer on page 6.

As the great gathering of delegates at a convention was dispersing I felt a hand on my shoulder. I turned round and saw a man whose face seemed very familiar. "Did we not meet in Agra some years ago?" he said.

"Yes, I remember; your name is M——?" I replied, and it happened that I was right. It was thirteen years since we met in India.

"How is your sister?" I asked, wondering if she was still educating Indian girls. I called to mind the small, pale-faced, gentle woman with devotion and sacrifice written all over her. She had joined a teaching sisterhood; she was one of those choice souls who are never forgotten by those who meet them.

"Oh, she has gone. She went down in the Egypt; she gave her place to another," said my friend.

The words so quietly spoken came as a shock to me, but I recovered and asked

him how it happened. When all on board knew that the Egypt was doomed, and that nothing could prevent her from sinking, the boats were lowered, and the women were asked to stand in a row and take their turn in entering them. The steward who was watching over the boats called out *Room for three more only*. My friend's sister was the third, and thanked God she would be saved. Next to her stood another woman who was looking forward to meeting her husband at the end of the journey, and on hearing the words "three more only" her heart sank and she burst into tears.

My friend's sister could not bear to see it. She quietly stepped aside and gently pushed the woman forward, saying, "Take my place," and with a cheerful smile wished her good luck and sent a message of farewell to her brother, who is vicar of a parish in Kent.

I turned away with my heart full. I am not an Englishman, and I may be permitted to say, therefore, what I thought at that moment: *No wonder Britannia rules the waves.*

THE LIZARD ROARS ITS WARNING



Every kind of modern scientific device is used round our coasts to make the seas safe for mariners. Here are the giant electric foghorns at the Lizard Lighthouse, Cornwall, which sound out warnings to ships to keep away from the rocks

stand of the old gods and their priests, and they threatened the people that if any sided with the white men they would be helping to kill the chief, and the vengeance of the gods would fall on them.

Superstition triumphed. The witch doctors returned to the bedside of the king. What happened then was that in a fortnight he was so much worse that he sent for the missionary, the Rev. R. Haydon Lewis, who gave him the medicine he asked for, and who also sent in the local doctor. Alas! it was too late. Nothing more could be done, and, except from the point of view of humanity and Christian feeling, it would have been better if nothing had been done at all; for when the king

died a day afterwards the witch doctors seized the opportunity to say that it was the missionary who had killed him.

The crowd outside the dead king's house broke into wailing, led by the witch doctors themselves, and mingled with the wailing were curses on all Christians, their doctors, their teachers, and their ways.

Such is the story of this fierce attempt of old superstition to reassert itself. It may be the last stand the Bamangwato witch doctors will ever make, for their position has been shaken and the native Christians are reasserting themselves under the new chief, Tsekedi Khama, a young man who has no record of dealings with witch doctors to weaken him.

THE MAN WHO DID GOOD SECRETLY

GOOD SAMARITAN TRACED

A Little Mystery of the East
End of London

ORANGE MAN'S SURPRISE

We have already noted in the C.N. some of the doings of a mysterious man who has been trying to help the poor of East London. He refused to give his name, and naturally people were very curious. Everybody wanted to know who he was.

It is hard when a Good Samaritan has to be hunted down by the police as if he were a criminal, but that is the only way people can be traced, and this friend of the London poor has been lost by his own friends for some time. Now he has been found.

It appears that he is Mr. Max Hyman, a German by birth, who had been naturalised in Australia. Before he came to dwell in a poor Whitechapel lodging-house he had been living in Brussels, and for four months he has been ill there.

Evil of the Great War

He seems to have done a good deal of thinking while he was there. Perhaps he was remembering that when he was better he must work while it was day, for the night cometh when no man can work. Perhaps he was remembering the evil of the Great War, and thinking that if everybody tried to pay back to somebody a tiny speck of that evil would be atoned for.

When he came out he said a strange thing: *God has told me to give away my money.*

His relatives naturally took alarm at this and managed to restrict the source of his supplies, but Mr. Hyman had means, it would appear, of which they were ignorant, and one day he slipped away from Brussels, hid himself in the slums of London, and started giving away his money, paying back.

A Secret Mission

He must have found a deep joy in giving odd five-pound notes to people who were hard-pressed and seeing their amazed looks. He wandered about, caring little for himself, absorbed in a secret mission. Once or twice people thought they recognised this man of about 55, grey-haired, shabby, spectacled, with that trick of pushing his head forward when he spoke. Often enough he found himself in a crowd, the police protecting him, but he managed to get away to his lodging unpursued.

In the meantime there was trouble in the family home in Brussels. Mr. Hyman's sister became seriously ill, and his relatives, knowing nothing of his movements, asked the police to try to find him.

A Surprise for the Coster

He is probably by this time back in Belgium, and the Good Samaritan of Whitechapel may no more be seen. One of his last acts was to stop and talk to a coster who was selling oranges in Petticoat Lane. Mr. Hyman bought some oranges and asked the man how trade was.

"Very bad," said the orange man, and the stranger handed him an envelope and walked away. We can imagine the stupefaction of the coster when he opened it and found £25 there!

People who spend their lives trying to help those who are in need are always very hard on what they call indiscriminate charity, and they will probably be relieved to hear that the mysterious friend of the poor is no longer going about giving pound notes away. On the other hand, the world is not likely to be burdened with too many Max Hymans, and it is good to think of the happiness which, if only for an hour or two, has followed in his benevolent footsteps.

THE WHITE HORSES OF THE CONGO

Why Not Use Them?

A BELGIAN COLONEL'S GREAT SCHEME

The Belgian Congo is a huge undeveloped country whose development has been greatly hindered by the difficulties of transport.

The railway built between Leopoldville and Matadi to bring goods to the coast has proved inadequate. The giant Congo River, which ought to have been a commercial highway, has been useless because of the great cataracts of its lower reaches. It has seemed as if transport difficulties would render it impossible to develop the colony.

But now it has been proposed by a Belgian Colonel (Colonel Van Deuren) to outwit the river and compel it to work for humanity. He has proposed to build seven great dams along the course of the cataracts, and to construct seven great locks whereby big steamers of ten thousand tons could be lowered till below the cataract level, or raised till above the cataract level.

Trade and Water-Power

The Colonel is a distinguished engineer and mathematician, and according to his calculations such an engineering scheme would require about thirteen years to carry through, and would cost many millions; but he suggests that the river itself should be made to pay for the undertaking. At each dam he would construct a water-power station capable of developing fifty thousand horse-power, and he would sell the water-power.

If this scheme is carried out the Congo will one day be a great trade artery, and goods will be carried by big liners to and fro between the heart of Belgium and the heart of Africa. According to Colonel Van Deuren two million tons of cargo should be carried even in the first year, and the trade would increase with the horse-power in action. Eventually the Congo could provide hundreds of millions of horse-power, so that the industrial and trading possibilities must be immense.

1000 NEW WAYS OF BUILDING HOUSES

But Fewer Houses Than Ever

When it comes to building houses for the people there seems no one to say, in the words of the tradesman's advertisement: "You want the best houses; we have them!" and while parties in Parliament are disputing which are the best houses the people have to wait.

Yet it is not for want of choice of houses, though these are unbuilt; or of variety of materials, though some of these are condemned by the disputants.

During the past few years more than a thousand new ways or new materials for building cottages have been submitted to the Housing Department of the Ministry of Health! The officials must be kept very busy in deciding that most of the ways will not do, but we cannot help being reminded of the fox who boasted to the cat that he had a hundred ways of escaping the hounds while she had only one. The cat's one method of climbing a tree proved more valuable than all the fox's tricks, and the old method of building houses before the war did succeed in making the supply of houses equal the demand.

Perhaps what is most necessary in getting the cottages built is not to spend so much time in seeking new ideas, but for masters and men to mix the mortar with goodwill.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

A mammoth's tooth has been found in a gravel pit near Römsey.

Blind shorthand-typists are now employed by the Ministry of Health.

A little boy named Daniel Defoe was a witness the other day in Bow County Court, London.

The Smallest Man

Che Mah, supposed to be the smallest man in the world, only 28 inches high, has died at Chicago aged 88.

Nest Causes Destructive Fire

A rook's nest which caught fire in a chimney caused Crebilly Castle, in Ireland, to be burned down.

"Hurry Along, Please!"

The L.C.C. says that a second saved at every stop would reduce London's tramway expenses by more than £20,000.

More Oil for France

Oil has been struck in the Auvergne, France, where a deep well is yielding about nine tons a day.

Burglar Supported by Taxes

A man pleading guilty to being a burglar the other day was receiving unemployment pay week by week.

Irish Children Without Education

Only half the children of school age in the Irish Free State are attending school regularly.

Peopling the Wilderness

A Bill before the Quebec Assembly plans to build a new town for 30,000 people in the wilderness near Lake St John.

Two Eggs a Week

On an average we eat in Britain only one home-laid egg and one imported egg a week.

Spalding's Floral Tribute

Close on 20,000 boxes of flowers weighing over 100 tons were despatched by train from Spalding in one week.

Islands Far Away

A new and cheap edition has been published (by Messrs. Sifton and Praed) of Miss Gardner King's excellent book on Islands Far Away.

Prosperous Luton

Luton has only 301 unemployed out of a total population of 50,000, and of the 14,000 people engaged in the hat industry only 16 are out of work.

Schools and the League

A school branch of the League of Nations Union has been formed by the students of Broomfield Park College, the first London school branch.

Tidier Parks

The L.C.C. Parks Committee has found a great deal less litter in the London parks since the King's appeal at the opening of Ken Wood last year.

The Boat Race

By winning this year's boat race Cambridge has now won 37 races against Oxford's 40. One race, that of 1877, was a dead-heat.

100 Million Candle-Power

The new lighting scheme for Niagara Falls has just been completed, and 24 searchlights, each of four and a half-million candle-power, throw their illumination on the waterfalls at night.

Rich New Zealand

Every grown-up in New Zealand now owns on an average £950, the total private wealth being calculated at nearly £800,000,000, or £500,000,000 more than ten years ago.

Waste Through Laziness

It is calculated that 400 million gallons of petrol are wasted every year in America through lazy drivers letting the engines run while their cars are standing still.

What We Spend

The British people now spend on education £82,000,000; on bread £80,000,000; on milk £76,000,000; on coal fires £65,000,000; on old age pensions £24,000,000; on hospitals £8,000,000; on drink £316,000,000.

Safety Wind-shields

A safety plate-glass is being used a great deal in American motor-car windshields. It is reinforced with fine wires running parallel at intervals of about two inches, and this greatly reduces the danger from flying glass.

A PLANTER OF OAKS TO WEAR IN A HAT

Rather more than a century ago Admiral Collingwood, whose genius and valour were later to crown Nelson's brilliant strokes at Trafalgar, sent home from sea a memorable letter, appealing to the country gentlemen of England to plant oaks.

"I wish everybody thought on this subject as I do," he said; "they would not walk through their farms without a pocketful of acorns to drop in the hedge-sides, and then let them take their chance."

Nature furnished our land with a tribe of little feathered Collingwoods ages and ages before ships or men had part or lot in the affairs of Great Britain. The jays, equally with the squirrels, have been our mightiest planters of oak trees. In time of plenty they lay up store against a famine, burying hundreds of acorns in the soil.

Not all the hidden treasure is needed, not all is found, and oak trees spring from the acorns laid away to be a gay jay's winter breakfast. In this way the jays prepared the timber for the longships of King Alfred for use against the Danes; for the stout vessels which shattered the Spanish Armada; for Drake's saucy little Golden Hind; for the fine ships which crushed the might of France and Spain at Trafalgar.

If there is one bird more than another to which we owe praise and gratitude it is this lovely, shy native of our woods. Yet read this advertisement from a Lincolnshire newspaper which an indignant C.N. reader sends on to us:

Wanted, Jays or Jays' Wings. Apply ———, Mount Pleasant.

Mount Very Unpleasant, we should say. The founder of our noble forests to be torn to pieces and worn in a hat!

The jay is like a diamond, endangered by its own beauty. Its gemmed feathers are coveted for the furnishing of hats for women, and a man who shoots one of these incomparable beauties may get half-a-crown for a loveliness Nature has taken millions of years to perfect.

Only public opinion can save these magnificent birds. An Act of Parliament gives the County Councils power to protect whatsoever birds they will, either for the nesting season or for the whole year. If the Lincolnshire Council (whose county gave us such men as Foxe, the immortal Captain John Smith whom Pocahontas loved and saved, Whitgift, Sir Isaac Newton, John Wesley, Sir John Franklin, and Tennyson), would schedule jays the birds would be saved from these Lincolnshire destroyers.

The praiseworthy diet of the jay (slugs, snails, mice) is occasionally supplemented by an egg or a young bird, and so his life is continually in peril from the gamekeeper who persecutes him as vermin. The jay kills to eat; the gamekeeper protects to kill for pleasure.

We are to spend millions on reforesting our countryside; the jay earns his place as a volunteer planter and unflinching destroyer of pests. But as a many-coloured thread in our moving web of life he has a place for which there is no substitute. His fantastic squawks and chuckles are as the tuneless laugh of Nature in the bosky glades, the sounds that Pan heard before he made his pipes.

We want jays as much as this wretched advertiser, but we want them alive, alert, and at work for us, the glory of our English countryside.

TOO POOR TO SHOW OUR TREASURES?

The Hidden Museum in Manchester Square

THREE FORGOTTEN ROOMS

How many of the thousands of people who have visited the famous Wallace Collection know that there are three rooms which they never see, because the Government cannot afford to keep them open?

The rooms were open once, for they were only built in 1920. But after about eighteen months the cry was all for economy, and Sir Eric Geddes swung his great axe to such effect that the three attendants who were required to look after these rooms were cut down from the establishment. There was no money to pay their wages and so the rooms had to be closed.

The Keeper of the Wallace Collection, Mr. S. J. Camp, told the C.N. how the "hidden museum" came to be built.

Bedrooms Become Art Galleries

It is on the third floor, in the part of Hertford House which used to be Lady Wallace's bedroom and the servants' quarters. It was decided shortly after the war that this part needed fire-proofing, and all the inflammable timber being removed, the two bedrooms and attic floors were turned into three handsome galleries, which now contain a number of fine objects. Though these rooms are shut to the public, it is still possible for students to visit them.

We must all join Mr. Camp in hoping that his hidden museum may soon be opened once more, for it is never true economy to keep beautiful things from the eyes of men, and in these three rooms there are some delightful pictures by Horace Vernet and other painters of Napoleon's time, as well as much delightful French porcelain.

THE FIRST FILM SHOW

What it was Like

By One who Saw It

Paris has had a small celebration of the first public exhibition of the film, which took place 30 years ago in a building in the Boulevard des Capucines. We have already told this story, but a Paris correspondent who remembers being present at the first film show sends us this note about it.

I remember well the long queues of people waiting daily to be admitted to the underground floor of the café where the first moving pictures were shown, and of being present at one of the exhibitions.

Among the first pictures shown was one of a French fishing fleet setting out on a peaceful morning, with just a gentle ripple on the water. The effect was very beautiful. Then followed a charmingly natural picture of a little child playing with her dolls on the floor of the nursery.

An amusing picture represented an old gardener watering a lawn, when suddenly his master's son, appearing some distance behind, mischievously stepped on the hose, to the utter confusion of the old man, who, while examining the nozzle of the pipe, was drenched when the boy's foot was removed.

In those early days the pictures were hurtful to the eyes on account of the flickering movement on the screen.

DIRTY WINDOWS

Down Westminster Way

Two of the dirtiest windows in London are to be seen in Abingdon Street in the showcase of His Majesty's Stationery Office, where the latest official publications are displayed.

Would it not be a good idea for the Office of Works to get an official pail and a Government mop and do this little office of work which is so necessary?

KAISER'S DREAM OF RICHES

HIS IMPUDENT CLAIM TO MILLIONS

German People to Have a Referendum?

ESTATE OF £250,000,000

Eight million German citizens have signed a petition for a referendum to decide whether the man who brought ruin on Europe shall become one of the richest men in the world.

In the referendum the people will be asked to vote for or against a Bill drawn up by the Socialists and Communists for taking away without compensation the property not only of the Kaiser but of his whole family, and not only of his family but of the families of all the other kings and princes who ruled in Germany before the war. The property claimed by the Kaiser and his eldest son is valued at 250 million pounds!

Kaiser's Appeal to the Courts

There was no wish at first to deprive the Hohenzollerns of their private property. The people were well satisfied to have got rid of them. It is the avaricious way they have been grasping at all they could get that has made the people angry. There were long negotiations between the Kaiser and the Republican Government of Prussia about the great estates he held when he was king there, and as he was not satisfied with the result he appealed to the courts about some minor properties as a test. He won in every case.

The trouble was that till 1820 no distinction was made between State property in Prussia and the personal possessions of the king, and that after that date he was named as the owner in most cases, while in every case he paid for the upkeep and received the income. Of course he did so as the head of the nation.

Popular Indignation

But the Prussian Government, finding the law courts against it, decided to surrender property to the value of something like fifty million pounds. This included 71 palaces, castles, and other residences, from the New Palace at Potsdam down to shooting-boxes. In one street of Berlin alone there are three of these palaces. There are also valuable house property in the best parts of Berlin and building sites in various Prussian towns. Five opera houses were also to belong to the Kaiser.

It is not surprising that indignation grew against the proposal to allow this man, and his children after him, to draw a great income at the expense of the German people for all time. The Communists started an agitation for the confiscation of everything, and this led the moderates to bring in a Bill which provides that ex-rulers shall be allowed to keep only such property as was bought out of their own private money.

Importance of the Vote

But the compromise has come too late. Instead of upsetting the referendum idea, as was hoped, the referendum idea has upset the Bill. People have been too much disgusted at the grasping greed of their former rulers to be willing to bargain about the matter any longer. It is not merely the working classes who have been roused. Middle-class people who were ruined by the collapse of the mark, and country folk under the frown of the great landowners, have all joined in the petition.

For a petition for a referendum to succeed at least a tenth of the electorate must support it. For the referendum itself to succeed and carry the Bill at least half the electorate must support it. The electorate is forty millions. If twenty million Germans were to vote for depriving the Hohenzollerns of their property we should have no further need to feel anxious about the stability of the German Republic.

WHERE THE INCOME TAX GOES

The Everlasting Burden of War

15s. IN THE £

Budget Day is coming round once more, and taxpayers are asking anxiously whether it will be possible to avoid an increase in the Income Tax. A year before the war it was only 1s. 2d. in the pound; during the war it rose to 6s.; now it is 4s., and Daddy thinks it is quite enough for peace time.

But, though we are now at peace, we are still paying for past wars, to say nothing of preparations for more. It has been calculated that out of every hundred pounds paid in Income Tax last year over £48 went to payments on National Debt (the money we owe for the war) and another nine pounds went in pensions for war victims and the cost of distributing them.

The Navy, Army, and Air Service cost another £16, so that almost three-quarters of our Income Tax payments are made to meet wars and the fears of wars. Only six guineas in each £100 go to public education; and old age pensions, insurance, public health, and so on, get eight or ten pounds.

TRANSFORMING ROME

What Mussolini's New Governor is Doing

Rome will not know herself when Signor Mussolini's new Governor, Senator Cremonesi, has completed his programme of reforms.

A new body of Metropolitan Police has been installed like those of London and Paris, with blue uniforms, helmets, and white batons. The taxi-drivers and even the bootblacks are in uniform, while the dilapidated horse-cab drivers have been compelled to buy new clothes to a standard pattern.

More wonderful still, asphalt is beginning to replace the terrible stone cobbles of the Roman streets.

Many new street improvements are being planned, but the difficulty of avoiding the destruction of historic buildings greatly hampers the reformers.

Last, but not least, an attempt is to be made to free the waters of Father Tiber from their characteristic mud.

TALE OF A LOST DOG

Frightened in the Bois de Boulogne

This little story is sent to us by a Scottish reader living in France.

A South American lady visiting Paris not long ago took with her for a drive a much-prized little bulldog which had been given to her. When driving through the Bois de Boulogne there was a serious accident, and the car was wrecked. Scared to death by the crash, the poor dog bounded into the thicket and was lost.

The lady was badly hurt, and grieved for her pet, which could nowhere be found. After a few days, however, she learned that the dog had been discovered in the woods in a frightened state, but could not be captured. The original owner of the puppy, on hearing this, immediately motored out and recovered the dog. It was hungry, thirsty, and thin, and no time was lost in rushing it home to the comforts of the hotel and the delight of its mistress.

A WAR IDEA FOR PEACE

Developed for military purposes, a new artificial fog has been put to a practical use in Sweden to protect crops from the frost. The fog vapour forms a blanket over trees and other plants.

ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN HISTORY

First Shot in a Great War

On April 12, 1861, the first gun was fired in the Civil War of America.

In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the Government, while I shall have the most solemn one to preserve, protect, and defend it.

I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break, our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angles of our nature.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN to the delegates of the South

My countrymen who work for your living, remember this: there will be one wild shriek of freedom to startle all mankind if that American Republic should be overthrown. The leaders of this revolt propose this monstrous thing, that over a territory forty times as large as England the blight and curse of slavery shall be for ever perpetuated.

JOHN BRIGHT

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

What is Sealing-wax Made Of?

It is a composition of shellac, resin, and colouring matter.

Why is Ice Formed on the Top of Water?

Because when water freezes it expands and becomes less dense. Volume for volume, therefore, freezing water and ice are lighter than water at a higher temperature.

Are There Four Tides at Southampton?

There cannot be four true tides anywhere, but, owing to the intervention of the Isle of Wight, Southampton appears to have four tides, two being due to the tidal waters entering from one side of the island and two being apparently additional tides from tidal waters running up from the other side of the island.

If There is an Explosion and No Ear Near is There a Noise?

No; sound is due to vibrations in the air striking upon the drum of the ear and setting up sensations which are carried by the auditory nerve to the brain, where they are interpreted as sounds. If there is no ear, there are still the vibrations in the air, but no sensation of sound.

Did Actors in Shakespeare's Day Wear Costumes of the Period of His Plays?

The costumes of actors in Shakespeare's day were very varied. Some characters, like Venuses and satyrs, were given as appropriate dresses as fancy could devise, but mostly the actors wore Elizabethan dress. Shepherds were always clothed in white and hunters in green.

Are There Any Instances Today of a Horse Having Five Toes?

Darwin says that with animals which have properly less than five digits the number is sometimes increased to five, especially on the front legs, and he continues that "horses, which properly have one toe alone fully developed with rudiments of the others, have been described with each foot bearing two or three small separate hoofs." Variation of Animals and Plants, Vol. I, page 548.

What is the Origin of the Name Rotten Row in London?

It is not definitely known. The most general explanation is that it is a corruption of Route du Roi, the road having been used as a short cut by George I. Other explanations are that the Rotten refers to the soft material used as a road covering; that it is from the Anglo-Saxon rot, pleasant or cheerful; that the Rotten means the round-about way; and that it is from rotteran, to muster, because soldiers were once in the habit of mustering there.

FRAGMENTS OF A COMET

NEXT WEEK'S SHOWER OF METEORS

Earth Passes Through a Stream of Flying Particles

STREAKS OF LIGHT IN THE SKY

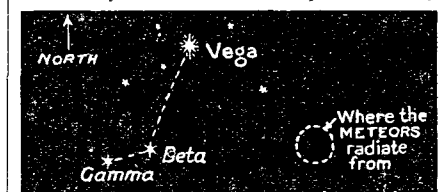
By the C.N. Astronomer

Next week the Earth will pass through the Lyrid meteor stream and receive its annual "peppering" from these celestial missiles.

The event is expected to take place between April 20 and 22. But the presence of moonlight during the evening hours will obscure all but the largest and brightest of the meteors, unless they are looked for in the early morning, say after about 4 a.m. summer time.

This is actually the best time to look, because not only will the Moon be absent but the points from which the meteors radiate will then be high up and only slightly south of overhead. We then have the advantage of being on the side of the Earth which is facing and rushing toward the meteor stream; whereas in the evening we are on the rear side of our world, which is, to a great extent, sheltering us from this meteoric downpour.

The exact point at which to look for these Lyrid meteors may be easily



Where to find the Lyrid meteors

located, because it is a little to the right of Vega, about twelve times the Moon's apparent width away. Vega cannot be mistaken because it is by far the brightest star in the north-east sky after dark, and will be found higher above the horizon and more to the east as the night advances. By 4 a.m. Vega is about due south and almost overhead.

The exact day or hour when the meteors will be at their densest cannot be foretold, and of course the maximum display may occur in the daytime; but between Tuesday and Thursday there are sure to be seen some of the outlying members of this great concourse of flying particles to reward patient watchers during the early morning hours. Even in the late evening, toward midnight, a few may be seen in spite of the moonlight, for occasionally bodies that rival Jupiter and Venus in brilliance and apparent size accompany the Lyrids.

But the majority of these particles that whirl across the Earth's orbit at a speed of about 30 miles a second are small, and vary in size from marbles to grains of sand. The streak of light revealing their presence lasts but two or three seconds, during which time they are consumed in the Earth's atmosphere, usually at a distance, somewhere between 80 and 30 miles away. It is then we realise that a portion of the First Comet of 1861 has become part of our world.

Meteors and Comets

Meteors have been proved in at least three ways to have beyond question a cometary origin, for the paths of particular meteor streams are found to coincide with the paths of certain comets. Moreover, one comet, the famous Biela's, has been known to vanish for ever and leave in its place a vast stream of meteors, the Andromedids; while the solid particles of meteors which occasionally reach the ground have been found to radiate a certain spectra characteristic of comets.

These elements are quite distinct from the stony aerolites, the residue of those great "fire-balls" which occasionally come to Earth from outer space. C. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the morning Venus, Mars, and Jupiter south-east. In the evening Saturn south-east after 10 p.m.

SMITH OF ST. QUENTIN'S

A Risky Adventure

By Gunby Hadath

What Has Happened Before

Two boys travelling together to a new school find that they are not only alike in appearance but bear the same names. As the train pulls up at the station one, who is more smartly dressed than the other, jumps out and disappears in a tea-shop, and later is driven to the school, which he finds small and insignificant, very different from what he has been led to expect.

Meanwhile his namesake has also arrived at his school, and is just as mystified. It seems to be a first-class school, suggesting fees far beyond the limited purse of his father.

Realising that he has come to the wrong school, he seeks a prefect and tries to explain. But in his confusion he fails to make himself understood.

CHAPTER 7 The New Prefect

WHEN John Andrew Smith of the fashionable clothes was last heard of he had fallen asleep in the room which he shared with Robson.

Next morning (being the morning whereon his namesake awoke to catch his first authentic sight of a prefect) John Andrew came downstairs very hungry for breakfast, but hungrier, for some queer reason, to pull the long and pullable nose of Chowler.

Warned, however, by the length of the languid one's angular limbs and by the uprightness of his stiff collar that the pulling of his nose might not pay very well, John Andrew contented himself, as he sat down to table, by staring at him instead with the deepest dejection.

Now it may have been observed in the course of this narrative that John Andrew was a professor in *How To Look Gloomy*. His face, a mask of woe unless he willed otherwise, never betrayed, except by that odd sort of twitch, the thoughts which were going on in the brain behind it. And the dismal tone of his voice went well with his face.

Under this glassy stare of his Chowler sat fascinated.

A snake is supposed to stare at and fascinate a rabbit before paying the rabbit the compliment of consuming it, but in this case, seeing that Chowler was cock of the walk and nearly twice the size of John Andrew, that newest of new boys, it seems that the parts were being inconsiderately reversed. One might almost declare that the rabbit was fascinating the snake.

Its gaze devoured its victim. "Don't glare at me like a dying hyena," he gasped.

"Sorry," droned John Andrew, not lifting his gaze.

It was Mr. Meggs who came to the sufferer's rescue.

"Er, Smith," he said mildly, "please get on with your breakfast."

For one fleeting instant the stare was switched upon him, then diverted to the contents of John Andrew's plate.

The room they were in was the one in which they had supped and, as indicated by the maps, ink splashes, and books, would presently be doing duty as a classroom. He supposed there were other class-rooms, and concluded there must be, to make room for the day boys Robson had mentioned. No sign yet, however, of any day boys. And what was this that Mr. Meggs was announcing? What? No serious work today! Work would begin tomorrow.

"Capital!" mused John Andrew, munching in silence. "There doesn't seem to be much slave-driving here."

And on this agreeable conclusion, having done himself well, he rose with the rest and proceeded to take a look round.

It was rather odd, he reflected, that his guardian hadn't disclosed that the school he had selected was such a small one. And such a—well, such a not-up-to-date one exactly. You couldn't call twenty-

nine boys very much of a school. Not really the sort of place that he'd been expecting.

"And all the jolly well better for that!" he declared.

Then he got held of Robson, who was mooning idly around.

"Robson," said he, "when we do start work have we to work hard?"

Robson winked at him happily.

"Maggy work us!" cried he. "I'd like to see him try it! Not he, old boy! So long as we don't kick up shindies we needn't learn anything."

"Oh!" said John Andrew, in a strange, cooing tone. "Still, there must be some sort of work done."

"There is. By those who want to do it, of course. You see, according to Chowler, who knows everything, old Maggy is a tremendous scholar—"

"He doesn't look it!"

"Oh, all great scholars look frights."

"Not they!" exclaimed John Andrew, repelling the libel.

"Well, I daresay all of them don't, but Maggy does, doesn't he? Chowler says that if he was more particular about his personal appearance he'd get heaps and heaps of chaps. But he doesn't care what he looks like or what the school looks like. But what was I going to say?"

"We were talking about work."

"Oh, yes. Old Maggy concentrates on the fellows who are keen on work; he brings them on fine. But the chaps who don't want to work he leaves to themselves. Now, suppose, for instance, you were a keen, clever chap—"

"I am not," John Andrew conceded, fiercely.

"All right. Suppose you were, old Maggy would make you a terror. Chowler says he's got a genius for teaching keen chaps. You wouldn't believe it to look at him, but it's a fact that he has a reputation for turning out scholarship fellows. A big average of his day boys win scholarships from here. That's why parents stick him."

"H'm!" said John Andrew thoughtfully. "That's the idea, is it? Then I suppose my guardian sent me here under the delusion that I'd learn a whole lot."

"So you will if you want to."

"I don't," sighed J. A.

"Good! None of us boarders are swotters. We have a good time. And another thing, the food's jolly sound. And there's lots of it."

"Judging by brekker this morning, I'd say there was. Any prefects to worry us?"

"Prefects! Ha, ha, ha!" Robson almost exploded. When he had finished laughing he regarded John Andrew serenely. "That's the cream of the joke. You're a prefect," he said.

"I!" gaped John Andrew.

"You are. We six boarders are prefects. We do the bossing about, old son, over the day boys."

"Now you're trying to be funny!"

"No, I'm not," was the warm retort. "That's part of old Maggy's system. He says his boarders are more a part of the school than the day boys, so he makes each of us a sort of prefect over the day boys of our own age. That's the stuff to give 'em. We are the lads."

With which Robson heard his name called and bounded away, leaving John Andrew very thoughtful indeed.

"And this," he said under his breath, "is the place for me."

CHAPTER 8 Light

AFTER dinner, being free to do what he liked, he thought he would go to Tidgate and see the sights. He had no clear idea of what sights he expected to see, but a hazy notion of making his way to those tea-rooms, where he might rag the waitress by asking after her cups and entertain her with some more juggling tricks.

So he strolled to the creaking gate, and had swung it open and was about to pass through when he turned to glance back at the building, which the uncompromising light of day now revealed as a shabby and weather-worn stucco villa. Yet it was not that which held his attention, or the sad, brown patches that speckled the front door where the paint had peeled off. What arrested him was the inscription on the door's fanlight.

On this fanlight was some white enamelled or porcelain lettering. Here and there it had gaps in it where a letter was gone, having been chipped away or wasted with age. The appearance it presented was therefore like this

S Q u e n t e n

"Jolly queer!" he said to himself as he looked. "I never knew that St. Quentin's was spelled with an e at the end!"

He turned his back on the fanlight and went through the gate. Here the tail of his eye was caught by something on the railings. This was a brass plate badly in need of elbow-grease, smeared as it was with that green and mildewy film which clings closer than a brother to brasswork neglected. John Andrew, who despite his attachment to old clothes, maintained a perverse affection for cleanliness, addressed this offending object with dreary reproach.

"Old thing," he sighed, "how I'd like to give you a rub!"

Then the words on its sickly surface caused him to catch his breath:

ST. QUENTIN
DAY AND BOARDING SCHOOL
FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN

He studied the legend acutely. It amounted to this. That St. Quentin's was spelled with an e at the end.

"But," reasoned he, "if St. Quentin's is spelled like that, why did my guardian speak of it as St. Quentin's?"

Next, still staring, he uttered, "There's no apostrophe s on that plate!"

There couldn't be a St. Quentin's and a St. Quentin!

Or could there? This was rather a stumper.

"Suppose," he said to himself, "this old show has been here for ages? Suppose St. Quentin was just the name of the house before Meggs made a school of it? And then suppose some other people came along and built a fine big school miles away and called it St. Quentin's? Well, suppose that. Where was it leading him to?"

But thereupon certain vague apprehensions returned which had been mistily floating at the back of his mind all the morning. His guardian was a rich man. It was not to be imagined that the fees at

this place would be very much. So why send him here?

And again. Last night when he had told that cabby St. Quentin's the old chap had croaked some question which he had not caught. "Oh, do buck up!" he had answered and jumped into the cab. Had the cabby wanted to know if he meant St. Quentin's?

And once more. What had become of that fellow he had travelled down with? The fact that he hadn't turned up here proved that there must be more than one school in the place.

John Andrew's uneasy mind grew highly perplexed. But with the caution which belonged to his nature he decided that he had better make sure before breathing any suspicions.

At this point John Andrew stooped to tighten a bootlace, and who should chance to stalk through the gate but Chowler. He, seeing the new boy who had glared at him like a basilisk posed not inappropriately for the reception of punishment, administered the same with a hearty toe. John Andrew plumped forward, gave the paving stones an embrace, then picked himself up, swung round, and perceived his aggressor.

Seized again with the longing to give his long nose a pull, John Andrew mastered the impulse for more reasons than one. It had leaped to his mind that, according to Robson, this ill-favoured specimen knew all about Tidgate. Therefore should he be pumped; nor should he suspect that any particular reason set the pumps working.

"Chowler," he said, in a soft, deferential voice, "is there another school in Tidgate?"

"Tons," growled Chowler. "Why do you want to know?"

"Well, naturally I wondered if there were more. I say, don't you think St. Quentin is rather a nice name?"

"I think it's awful," said Chowler. "So did the pumper. But he had to dissemble."

"I thought it fine," he acknowledged, like one who's converted.

"But, of course, I see that it's not if you say it's not. Only it had struck me as frightfully romantic. Like a name out of one of Sir Walter Scott's novels."

Chowler drew himself up and drawled: "I never read novels."

"No, I guess you don't read anything," answered John Andrew. "I mean," he corrected swiftly, remembering his rôle, "I mean, of course, you only read serious books. You're much older than any of the other men here, aren't you, Chowler? I say! What's it feel like to have to shave?"

The "have to" was a masterly touch. Chowler fell to it.

"To shave? Oh, shaving's a bore," he uttered most amicably.

"Well, I must be getting along. So long, young—er—what's your name?"

But John Andrew sprang forward. The pumping was yet to be done.

"My name is Smith," he replied.

"And, talking about names, is there a school in Tidgate called anything like ours?"

"Oh, you mean the big one, the school at Tidgate. They had christened it St. Quentin's before they discovered that old Maggy ran this one-eyed show called St. Quentin. It was too late for them to change then. And old Maggy wouldn't."

"Did they ask him to change the name?"

"Rather! But he said, 'We don't clash.' And I shouldn't think we did! St. Quentin's is a fine place, a huge place."

"Where is it?"

"It's right away. Two miles away, perhaps. Bang on the west cliff."

So saying, Chowler fingered his "moustache" and went. And, having made sure that no one was watching him from the house, John Andrew, with a face very thoughtful indeed, trekked away through the maze of mean streets that led into the town.

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

A Mighty Ruler

THERE was a time when an Eastern Kingdom which is now controlled by Great Britain was probably the most powerful and magnificent in the world. Its name is Irak.

At the period of its greatest fame its ruler was known by name more widely than his country was known. In the year A.D. 800 there were two names that rang throughout the world. This Eastern monarch's name was one of them.

He was not called a king. The Mohammedan religion had spread throughout the north of Africa and the east of Asia by the use of the sword, and the head of that faith, ruler of worldly affairs and also of religion wherever Mohammed was accepted as God's prophet, was called the Caliph. Wars had extended Mohammedan rule for over 150 years when, in 786, the greatest of all the Caliphs began to reign.

He had not wished for the position. It had been left him by his father, who was a great conqueror. The eldest son was set aside for his younger brother because of his success in war. Before he was 20 he was the commander of an army of 100,000 men. But when the old Caliph was dead the younger son declined to take the office, and gave it to his elder brother.

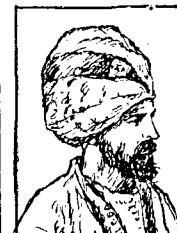
The mother of the two young men, like their father, preferred the younger son as Caliph, and when the elder had reigned about two years he was murdered by slaves whom she had sent to him as a present. So the younger son after all became Caliph, at 22.

The new Caliph showed his wisdom by appointing as his chief ruler his former tutor, and he with his two sons, who were great friends of the Caliph, ruled with energy and wisdom. The power and fame of the Caliphate spread wider and wider. Learning, art, history, music, and poetry were all cultivated, and the country was prosperous. Distant nations sent to do honour to its famous ruler.

But jealousy crept in. The Caliph was told that too much glory was going to his governing friends. Though he was a religious man, making frequent pilgrimages to Mecca, he was by nature capable of treachery, and he ordered the massacre of his best friends, the whole family of them, with one exception.

The latter part of his reign was troubled by rebellions and wars, and it was while he was marching to suppress a rebellion in Persia that he died at the age of 45.

Few rulers have been written of more freely in stories. Some of the stories tell of his adventures as he wandered about, unknown, in his capital city of Bagdad. Here is his portrait. Who was he?





O Lovely Day, Most Calm, Most Bright



DI MERRYMAN

A MAN wrote a play and sent it to a producer with a letter in which he offered it to him for nothing. The producer returned it with this brief note:

"Dear Sir, Many thanks for letting me see your play. I am glad you know the exact value of it."

A Riddle in Rhyme

MY first is in toasting and also in tea,
My second's in viewing and also in see,
My third is in looking and also in leap,
My fourth is in seeing and also in peep,
My fifth is in several and also in some,
My sixth is in calling and also in come,
My seventh's in bowing and also in bow,
My eighth is in reaping and also in plough,
My ninth is in eating and also in meat,
My whole brings the stars almost to our feet.

Answer next week

WHY is a pig with a curly tail like Hamlet's father?
Because it could a tail (tale) unfold.

Is Your Name Cooke?

THIS is one of the surnames derived from occupations, the ancestors of those bearing the name having, at some time or other, carried out the useful work of cooking the food. From being a description it developed into a surname, perhaps more easily than many other similar occupational names, for even today many a cook in a family is known to all the family as Cook when her proper surname is not known or remembered.

A Long Sum

A SCHOOLMASTER was asking some arithmetic questions, to which the boys were to write down answers. One of the questions was, "How many times can 16 be subtracted from 250?" and the master thought, of course, that the boys would simply divide 250 by 16. The boy at the bottom of the class, however, handed in a paper with this answer:

250	250	250	250
16	16	16	16
234	234	234	234

I can do this any number of times.

Hats of the World



Russia

How do bees dispose of their honey? They cell it.

Why Worry?

AN Englishman and an Irishman were rowing a small boat through a choppy sea. Presently the Englishman said that they had better bale some of the water out of the boat.

"Och, niver mind!" replied Pat, cheerfully. "When she is full she will run over."

WHY is a joke less durable than a church bell?

Because after it has been told (toll) a few times it is worn out.

A Silly Thing to Do



"YOUR chum, I fear," said Snip to Snap,

"Has neither common-sense nor wit.

Just look at what he's up to now, And tell me what you think of it."

"To do the wrong thing every time," Sighed Snap, "from Snorum does detract.

To introduce a field mouse to A catkin shows a want of tact!"

A Slip of the Tongue

A PARTY of people were dining at a gentleman's house and as a servant entered the room he stumbled, and a boiled tongue fell from the dish he was carrying.

The host, a very witty man, covered the embarrassment of the servant and the guests by saying with a laugh:

"It does not matter: it is merely a *lapsus linguae*."

One man present did not understand the joke, but he was immensely impressed by the roars of laughter with which it was received, so he determined to make the same joke when next he gave a dinner party.

Before his guests arrived he gave instructions to his servant to drop the joint of beef when he entered the dining-room.

This the servant did, and his master repeated the remark that had previously caused so much amusement.

Then he wondered why nobody laughed!

A Lingering Doubt

SMILED A Pike to a Troutlet,

"My dear, These sharp teeth you've no reason to fear."

As it made for the weed, Cried the Troutlet, "Indeed?

Yet I'll somehow feel safer in here!"

What Am I?

I AM not of flesh or blood,

Yet have I many a rib,

No limbs except one leg,

'Tis truth and not a fib.

My friends are many, and dwell

In lands of every race,

But they poke my nose in the mud,

And often spatter my face.

I'm constantly carried about,

And stuck in gutter and rut;

And though I've no window or door

Yet I'm very frequently shut.

Answer next week

The Art of Speaking

A GOOD orator is a man who can convince people of anything without taking the trouble to understand it himself.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

A Puzzle in Rhyme. A clock Behead and Curtail. Swarm, warm, war What Is It? Bridge of Sighs

Jacko Helps His Mother

ONE morning Mrs. Jacko put on a big overall and said that she was going to start the spring-cleaning.

"It's high time the place had a good turn-out," she declared. "We shall have summer on us before we know where we are."

Jacko rather enjoyed the muddle and confusion. His mother found him all sorts of little jobs to do, and he felt very important.

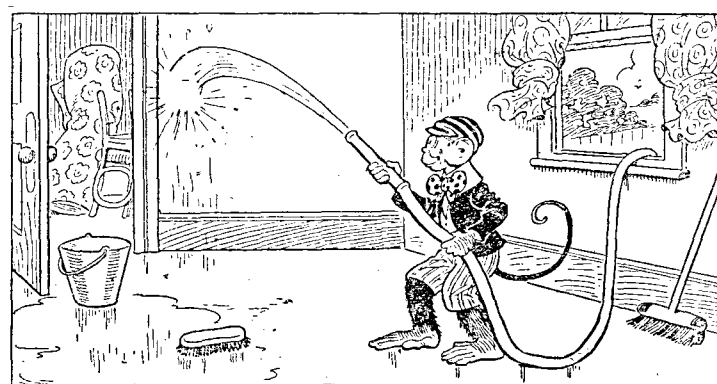
At last the whole house was finished except the parlour, which had been left till the last, and, just as Mrs. Jacko was going to tackle that, there was a loud knock at the door and a boy handed in a telegram. It was from Aunt Matilda, saying that she had a bad cold, and asking Mrs. Jacko to go to see her.

Mrs. Jacko didn't want to go off and leave the spring-cleaning; but she couldn't dream of disappointing the old lady.

Mr. Jacko thought he would go too, and, as Adolphus was off to a football match, Jacko had the house to himself.

As soon as he was left to his own devices, he had a brilliant idea. "I'll spring-clean the parlour myself," he said, "and give the Mater a surprise when she comes back."

It didn't take long to clear the room. He flung open the big



Everything in the room was dripping

window and carried all the light furniture out into the garden. Then he dragged up the carpet, and went off to find a scrubbing-brush. "I'll see the floor really gets a good clean this year," he said to himself, tipping a pail of water over everything.

But he hadn't got very far with the floor before he had an idea that the walls ought to be washed as well! And off he rushed to find the garden-hose!

There was a mess when he had finished. Everything in the room was dripping, and even Jacko didn't like the look of the wet patches on the wall-paper.

He had worked so hard that he was beginning to feel tired, and at last he left the room "to get dry," as he called it, and sat down for a rest.

He must have fallen asleep, for the next thing he knew was that it was quite dark and that a noise was going on outside.

It was his father and mother! They had come back from Aunt Matilda's and had walked into all the furniture which Jacko had left outside in the garden. Mr. Jacko had grazed his shin on a coal-scuttle, while poor Mrs. Jacko had fallen over the piano-stool.

They were both so angry that Jacko didn't wait to show them what he had been doing indoors. He ran away and hid. And for once he was wise.

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

The Dog and Mr. Partridge

A French friend of the C.N. has a wonderful dog. One day, while sitting in a café with some friends, extolling his dog's great qualities, their attention was suddenly drawn to the setter crouched before the looking-glass, gazing intently.

What could he be thinking about? Surely he could not have an eye on the gentleman on the terrace, quietly reading a newspaper?

To make sure of the matter the owner of the dog questioned the gentleman, and inquired if he had not some game concealed.

"Oh, no," was the reply; "besides, the shooting season is over."

"Why, then, should the dog watch you so intently?"

"Ah, that is not surprising," said the gentleman; "my name is Partridge!"

Le Chien et M. Perdrix

Un ami français du C.N. possède un chien remarquable. Un jour qu'il était assis au café avec des amis, et qu'il vantait les qualités supérieures de son chien, l'attention de ces messieurs fut attirée sur le setter, tapi devant la glace, le regard fixe.

À quoi pouvait-il bien songer? Se pouvait-il qu'il fixât de l'œil le monsieur assis sur la terrasse, en train de lire tranquillement son journal?

Afin de s'en assurer, le maître du chien interrogea le monsieur, et lui demanda si par hasard il n'aurait pas quelque gibier caché sur sa personne.

"Oh non," fut la réponse; "du reste, la chasse est fermée."

"Pourquoi alors le chien vous regarde-t-il si fixement?"

"Ah! Cela n'a rien de surprenant," dit le monsieur. "Je m'appelle Perdrix!"

Tales Before Bedtime

The Sailor Suit

MICHAEL stamped his foot angrily.

"I shan't wear it—so there!"

"Very well, Master Michael," said Nurse quietly. "Then no party!" and she left the room to get Baby's tea.

Michael aimed a savage kick at the poor Teddy Bear lying on the floor, at which Baby set up a dismal howl. This brought Mother upstairs.

"Why, Michael?" she said, "you are not half ready! Hurry up, dear, or you will be late for the party."

"I'm not going," he growled. "Nurse says I'm to wear a sailor suit, and I won't! I'm much too big."

Mother drew him to her.

"Oh, you are a silly boy!" she said, smiling. "Too big for sailor clothes at seven! What about the sailors, then? They wear them, and they're much bigger than you!"

"That's different," replied Michael. "All the boys I know wear proper boys' clothes, and the other day Tony King laughed at me like anything."

Mother sighed.

"That was too bad of Tony," she said. "Now, Michael, won't you be a good boy and get dressed quickly, to please me? Next term, you will have gone to school, and I shan't have my sailor any more."

So Michael had to put on the despised suit, and off he went.

When he got to the party his hostess met him, smiling.

"I am so pleased to see you, dear," she said. "And oh,



He asked her for a dance

that's splendid! You are in fancy dress, after all! We forgot to say on some of the cards that it was to be a fancy dress party."

Michael looked round. Sure enough, the gathering was a gay one of pierrots and pierrettes, clowns, highwaymen, and fairies. He heaved a sigh of relief.

"These are real sailor clothes," he said proudly. "They came from the naval tailor, and are quite correct."

And he marched up to a pretty little Red Riding Hood and asked her for a dance.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

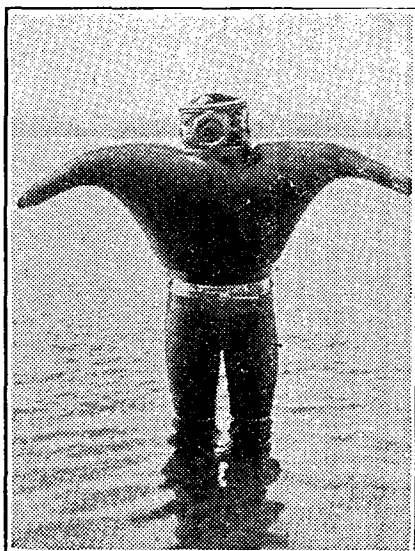
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WILLIAM BLAKE'S GRAVE • THE ZOO ARMADILLO • FORTUNE LOST IN SMOKE



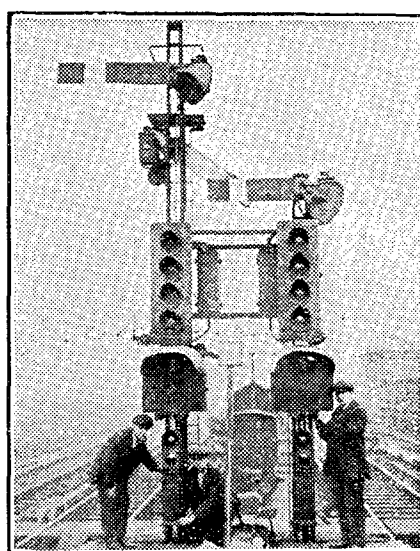
The Builder's Airman—Here is a derrick man in mid-air directing a crane during the erection of a big building in Liverpool near the Royal Liver Building, seen in the background



The Latest Diving Suit—This newly-invented life-saving suit consists of a jacket and breeches, both watertight and airtight, and a helmet with special valves for air supply



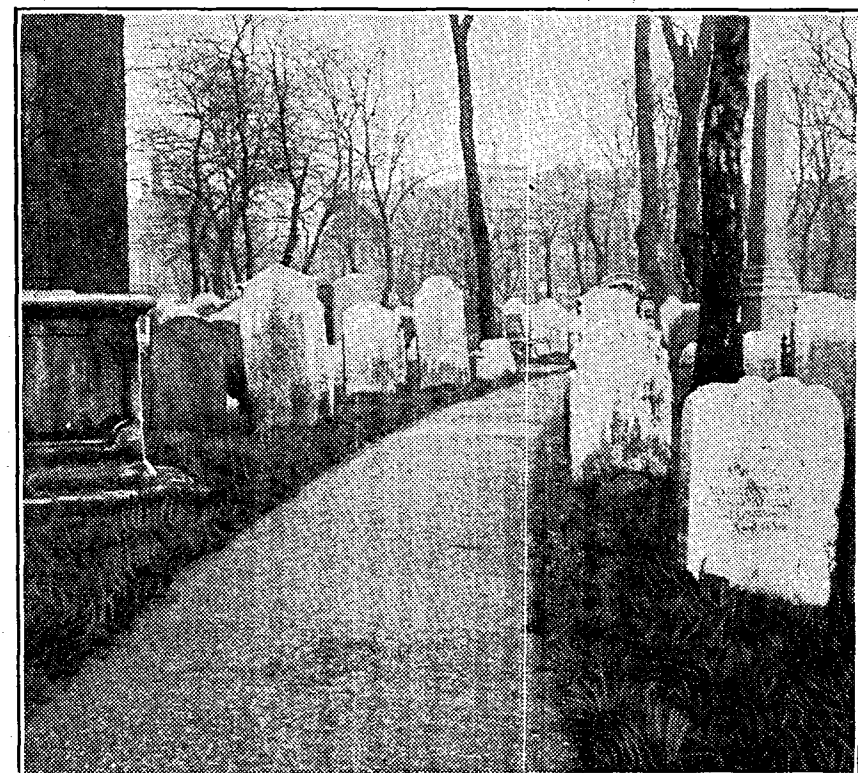
A Good Work Done—The apse and transept roofs of Peterborough Cathedral have been thoroughly restored, and these men are completing the good work by fixing a cross



Signalling Up-to-Date—The old semaphore signals on the Southern Railway are being replaced by four-aspect colour-light signals, seen here at St. Paul's Station, London



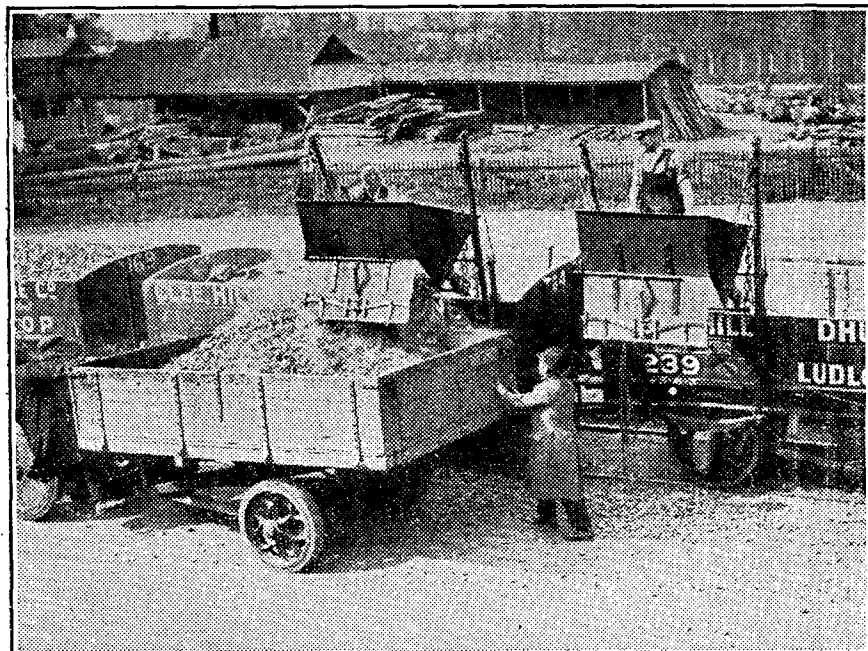
A Lesson from Hobbs—Few boys are lucky enough to be able to learn cricket from Jack Hobbs, who is a very busy man, but lately, while visiting Oxford, he gave a very useful lesson to the boys of Summerford School



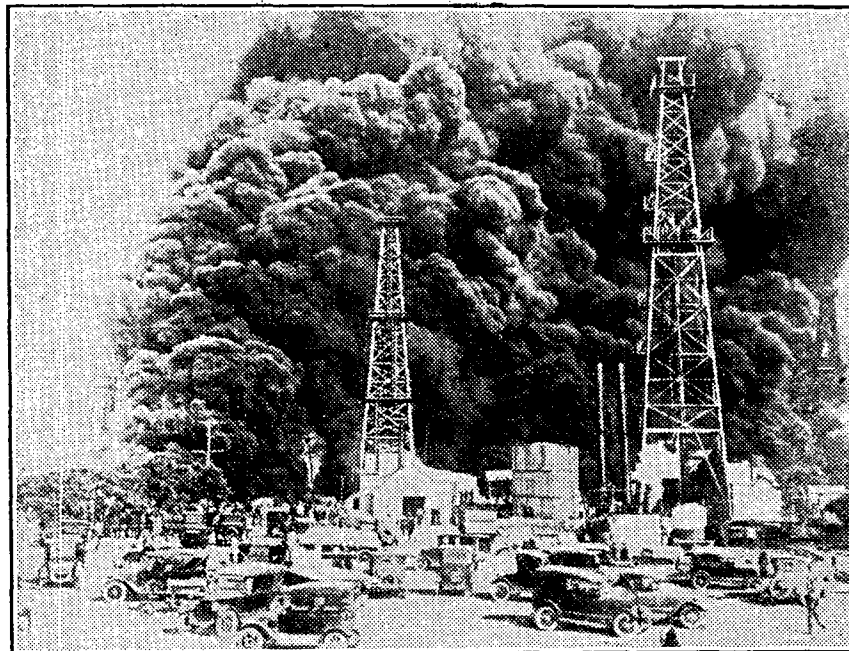
The "Unknown" Grave of William Blake—The Prime Minister and thirteen other famous people have appealed for funds for a national memorial to William Blake, who lies, they say, in "an unknown common grave." These famous people are mistaken, for the grave of Blake is known. He lies with seven others in the common grave under the asphalt path seen in this photograph, taken for the C.N. in Bunhill Fields Burying Ground, London. See page 2



A Queer Pet at the Zoo—The strange-looking creature in this picture is an armadillo from South America. He lives at the London Zoo, and children are allowed to lead him round the grounds on the leash, as he is so docile



Rapid Loading and Unloading—An interesting demonstration was held lately of this device called Smith's Patent Hopper, which helps greatly in quickly transferring goods from trucks



A Fortune Lost in Smoke—A gas blow-out at the great oilfield at Longbeach, California, was followed by a fire which caused £200,000 worth of damage. Here is the smoke

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